

CLEMENCEAU ON ATTACK—OFFER TO MINERS

The Daily Mirror

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

MINERS' LEADERS AT DOWNING STREET SHOT THREE SPIES



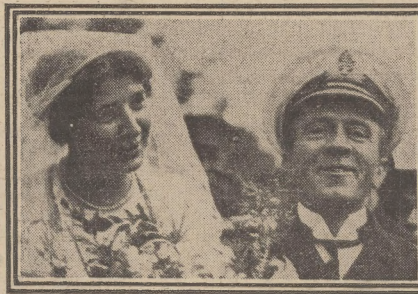
The miners' leaders leaving No. 10, Downing street, yesterday, after their long discussion with the Premier. The deputation, which was a thoroughly representative one, including Mr. Smillie (left photograph), president of the Miners' Federation; Mr. S. Winstone (president South Wales Miners) on extreme right. Mr. Lloyd George's speech made a great impression upon them.

WALTON-ON-THAMES BABY CASE.



Mrs. Bell (in foreground), on crutches, and Mrs. Flitter (on right, behind), who have been arrested in connection with the death of a baby, arriving at Kingston County Bench in charge of a wardress. (Exclusive.)

IN THE NEW "GAZETTE."



Commander Viscount Broome, R.N., who receives a bar to his D.S.O. Photographed on his wedding day.



Com. Francis E. B. Haseloot, R.N., awarded the D.S.O. for services in Palestine. He designed and constructed spotting clocks and did other valuable work.



Com. Cecil Crocker, R.N., H.M. monitor M 31, awarded the D.S.O. for services in Palestine. By maintaining a heavy fire he broke up an enemy attack.



Private John Williams, who was born in India twenty years ago, joined the Army in 1914. He has won the D.C.M., the M.M., the French Military Medal, the Cross of St. George and the French Legion of Honour, his greatest feat being the killing of three German officers, who, disguised as British, were acting as spies. He wears four wound stripes.

DON'T BE AFRAID OF "THE FLU GERM."

Doctor's Simple Advice to
"Daily Mirror" Readers.

MANY YOUNG VICTIMS.

"Don't be afraid of catching 'flu.'
"Fear is one of the chief contributory causes of the disease. Believe yourself to be immune—that is half the battle."

A busy London practitioner, who has had many years' experience of "flu" epidemics, gave this advice to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"So many people, particularly young women, imagine they are going to get it—they even think they have the symptoms," he continued. "Should I wear a mask when out of doors?" they ask. "How can I best avoid catching it?"

"In my opinion, a mask is a very much overrated safeguard against 'flu.' In the sick chamber—yes, but in the streets, in Tubes and buses, a mask is not entirely necessary.

"All one has to do is to breathe through the nostrils—don't breathe through the mouth.

"A touch of eucalyptus rubbed on the chin or around the mouth helps to keep away the subtle 'flu' micro-organisms."

TWENTY THE DANGEROUS AGE

Chemists' Busy Trade in 'Flu' Medicines
—Customers Want to Buy Masks.

Interesting details of the new epidemic were obtained from another West End doctor, who has 150 "flu" patients.

"The present epidemic is not so severe as those of last year," he said.

"Cases I have treated during the past few days have been mild in character—a form of bronchial influenza.

"Young people are the chief victims in the present epidemic. Round about 'the twenties' is the dangerous age. Very few people over forty and infants under four are sufferers.

Inquiries among City chemists by *The Daily Mirror* yesterday show that there is a brisk demand for all forms of "flu" medicine.

Not a few people were anxious to know where they could buy masks.

MASKED IN BOND-STREET.

In Bond-street yesterday afternoon *The Daily Mirror* saw a smartly-dressed woman swathed in a long fur coat, wearing a "mask" which completely covered her mouth and nose.

12,000 Deaths in Twelve Weeks.—Sir Napier Burnett, at Newcastle yesterday, said that in twelve weeks last year 12,000 persons were killed by influenza and its complications.

In North Yorkshire and South Durham the epidemic continues to spread and the death-

MORE BEER AND SPIRITS.

Beer.—The Food Controller hopes shortly to allow a considerably larger output of beer and of better quality than that recently sanctioned.

Spirits.—Representations have been made by Food Ministry to War Cabinet for a larger release of spirits from bond, especially for districts where "flu" is rampant.

Cheese.—Announcement this week. Supplies doubled. Prices down.

Milk.—The Food Controller recommends permanent control of milk in order to secure increased supplies of improved quality at guaranteed prices.

Tea will be decontrolled on March 24.

rate from pneumonia and bronchitis is fairly high.

Eighty-five fatal cases of influenza have occurred at Newcastle-upon-Tyne this week.

St. Helens Health Committee have decided to close all schools.

"DISGUSTED WITH THE DEAN."

"I was profoundly disgusted, as a Churchman, with the Dean of Lincoln in Convention last week stating that he did not believe the story of the Flood," said Mr. Athelstan Riley at the Canterbury House of Laymen yesterday.

"That story," added Mr. Riley, "comes down to us on the authority of Truth Himself."

ONE VACANT BED IN 48 HOTELS.

Forty-eight London hotels were telephoned to before a bed could be booked for a visitor from the provinces. The other forty-seven said they were full up and could not take another person.

HAGUE PRISONERS OF WAR.

The following advertisement in a London morning newspaper yesterday excited a good deal of comment:—

"Any officers or men present at The Hague when Lord Newton addressed the interned British prisoners of war are asked to communicate with Mr. Joyner-Hicks, M.P., Lennox House, Norfolk-street, Strand, W.C."



The Duke of Devonshire, upon whose estate in Derbyshire a great discovery of oil has been made.



Col. McCalmont, M.P., who has resigned his seat on being appointed to a battalion of the Irish Guards.

GREAT OIL FIND.

Vast Supply on Duke of Devonshire's Derbyshire Estates.

OTHER DISCOVERIES EXPECTED.

A vast supply of fuel oil has been discovered under the Duke of Devonshire's estates in Derbyshire.

It has long been a matter of public knowledge that the presence of oil supplies in Derbyshire was suspected, and a few months ago a carefully conducted series of boring experiments was begun.

I learn on unquestionable authority, writes the London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*, that during the past week or two oil in vast quantities has been found.

One of the expert geologists goes so far as to state that there is more oil in England than in the whole State of Pennsylvania.

When it is remembered that practically a quarter of the world's supply of oil has in the past come from Pennsylvania, it will be realised that this discovery is of the utmost importance, both to the coal-mining industry of the country and to the future of industrial development.

The importance of this discovery at the present time cannot be lost sight of. We are threatened with a great coal strike.

Nothing could give a greater impetus to the development of this new oilfield than a stoppage on the part of the coal miners, but the consequences to the miners would undoubtedly be serious.

I learn also that further discoveries are expected shortly to be made in Staffordshire and Nottinghamshire.

FOOT RISE IN SIX HOURS.

Thames Still Rising—Swans Swim on Eton Fields.

In several reaches last night the Thames rose four inches more and is now seven feet above normal.

Eton playing fields are under water and swans are swimming over some of the gardens.

Home Park, Windsor Castle, has several fine lakes forming.

At Reading several cottages are submerged.

One thousand acres of farmland are inundated between Goring and Shipdike, where the Thames rose a foot from 6 a.m. to midday yesterday.

Two hundred families are imprisoned in their homes in the Tottenham Hale district, living in the upstairs rooms.

ADMIRAL'S ZEPP TIPS.

Warneford's Feat—Safety Pin Mistake Saves Hun Airship.

Commander Chilcott, M.P., speaking at Liverpool yesterday, related how the first German Zeppelin was bagged by Lieutenant Warneford, V.C.

He said it was owing to information supplied by Sir Reginald Hall, parliamentary candidate for the West Derby Division, who was then head of the Naval Intelligence Department, that Warneford and other airmen set out from Dun-kirk at night and located the airship. Within twenty minutes Warneford destroyed it.

On another occasion, acting on information supplied by Admiral Hall, our airmen rose and located an incoming Zeppelin. One of our airmen dropped four bombs on the airship, but the missiles, failing to explode, went clean through her.

It was then found that the air mechanic had failed to remove the safety pins of the bombs.

DOCTOR'S FIGHT WITH BURGLARS.

Wakened one night, Dr. T. W. Brook, of Champion Hill, found Albert Clarke, 23, a soldier, at the foot of his bed. He pursued him downstairs and held him till the police arrived. At the London Sessions yesterday, prisoner was bound over to be ordered to await an escort.

BIG NEGRO WITH SMALLPOX.

Six cases of smallpox have been admitted to Hartlepool Port Sanitary Hospital. One of the patients, a powerful negro from a ship, overpowered a nurse in his delirium and, climbing through a window, fled away from the hospital. He was recaptured some hours later.

"SO I SHOT THEM."

Indian with Six Medals Who Shot
Three German Spies.

A DRAMA OF THE TRENCHES.

An extraordinary record of heroism has been achieved by Private John Williams, a young Indian in the Middlesex Regiment, who possesses the D.C.M., M.M., the Cross of St. George, the Mons Medal, the Médaille Militaire and the French Legion of Honour, while he has also been mentioned in despatches.

Private Williams, who is only twenty years of age, wears four wound stripes.

He joined up in August, 1914," he said to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "was taken prisoner, but contrived to escape. Then I enlisted again.

"I received the Military Medal for killing three German spy officers disguised as British."

"These men used to come into the trenches every day. No one suspected them at the time. One day I happened to ask one of them what he was."

"He replied: 'A gas specialist!'

"Then I said: 'You gas helmet?' I asked."

"We don't carry one!" he replied."

"So, of course, I shot them."

"My D.C.M. was given me for carrying back my officer, who was wounded in the field."

"On another occasion in France I went away to a village and brought back some whisky and also some bread."

"Seven Germans were sitting down in a shell-hole and they caught me."

"I was by myself. 'Are you going to fight?'

they asked. I said: 'No,' and ran away for a distance of about twenty-five yards."

"I turned round and fired at them with a revolver. They were taken by surprise, and a moment later I rushed at them with my bayonet. Those who were not killed were bayoneted."

(See picture on page 1.)

KAISER'S SON ARRESTED.

Suspected of Being Connected with
Intrigues.

COPENHAGEN, Thursday.
Prince Joachim of Prussia, according to a Munich telegram of to-day's date, has been arrested on suspicion of being connected with intrigues.

Prince Joachim is the sixth child and youngest son of the German ex-Emperor.

He was born in 1890, and married in 1916 Princess Marie Augustine of Anhalt.—Reuter.



Prince Joachim.

WORKED TO DEATH.

Tragedy of London Doctor Who
Fought Three Epidemics.

"There was no doubt that, owing to the three epidemics, deceased had been overworked," said Dr. Lettman of Holloway, at the inquest on Dr. E. L. Bower, of Barnsbury-road, yesterday.

Deceased was the brother of Sir Alfred L. Bower, City alderman, who stated that his brother could not visit him in Kent as "he was very busy and could not get anyone to look after his practice."

His housekeeper said deceased very often complained of having so much work. He was found dead by the side of his bed as if praying.

Natural Causes was the verdict.

38 ARBITRATIONS.

This Week's Conferences That
Will Affect Whole Country.

The Ministry of Labour are this week referring thirty-eight disputes to arbitration including claims by the Federation of Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades and the National Federation of General Workers, and about sixty other trade unions affiliated to these bodies.

Advances of wages have also been claimed by the workers in gas undertakings throughout the country, and claims are also being made on behalf of charge engineers, etc., employed in gas works.

At a conference of the flour milling industry yesterday the questions of hours and wages were discussed, and an agreement was arrived at.

These agreements affect 40,000 operatives throughout the United Kingdom.

In negotiations now proceeding on the national programme the railway executive delegates of the N.T.R. and A.S.R.E. and F. are consulting together with the object of submitting a unified demand.

VOLUNTEERS FOR R.A.F. IN GERMANY.

Demobilised airmen who wish to serve in the R.A.F. of occupation, under the special bonus conditions, may do so by writing to the R.A.F. reception depot nearest their home.

CAN WELLS BECOME THE WORLD'S CHAMPION?

How the "Bombardier" is
Thriving at Brighton.

THOROUGHLY FIT.

"Bombardier" Billy Wells is thriving on his training at Brighton.

Has the war made Wells, the British heavy-weight champion, a potential world's champion? Few boxers in history have gained public confidence in the manner Wells has done during his recent training.

In staging the Wells-Beckett match at the Holborn Stadium on the 27th inst. Mr. C. B. Cochran is giving Wells a great chance of putting himself right on top. The winner of this contest will oppose Goddard with a view to finding a suitable Britisher to meet Carpenter. And if Wells secures victory in these contests a match for the world's championship would naturally follow.

Most people are of opinion that Wells is still the best heavy-weight in the country. Carpenter, who, as everyone knows, has twice beaten him, has advised Mr. Cochran, the promoter, that he will be present to see Wells box Beckett. In watching Billy Wells go through his rigorous day's training at Brighton yesterday, one could hardly help thinking "How is this man ever beaten?"

Mr. Seymour Hicks was a very interested spectator. The famous actor caused amusement in refusing a playful offer to "have a few rounds" made by Pat O'Keefe.

Wells is certainly boxing as well as ever. In sparring with the rounds with Frank Ray, of Newcastle, he gave one the impression that he would beat anyone in the world. He boxes just as though he loves punching an opponent.

So fine was his defence that Ray found it next to impossible to find any effective blows.

Now what will he do in the actual ring? Frank Ray told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday when asked what he thought of Billy's prospects: "If Billy can produce his (training) form he ought to be charged amusement tax. It will be so easy for him."

STADIUM AS SCHOOL.

Pictures of the Contest to Appear in the
"Daily Mirror."

To watch Wells at work in his fine big gymnasium at Brighton is an object-lesson. For so heavy a man he is particularly agile whilst shadow boxing. He surely must take all the heart out of the ball in his daily spell of punching it. Skipping he finds useful, and in his ground work he displays the perfect athlete. Wells' chief amusement is a round of golf in the morning on one of Brighton's many links. On the score of fitness the champion can have no excuse if he fails to beat Beckett. He thinks that his second spell in the Army has improved him. His supporters are wondering if the war has altered his temperament in the ring. He has told *The Daily Mirror* that it has.

Mr. Cochran yesterday stated that, in addition to staging big contests at the Holborn Stadium, he intends to start a school of instruction there. When the school opens for such professors as Jim Driscoll and Pat O'Keefe, to name two famous champions. And what a great idea for the future of the game!

Reports from Beckett's training quarters are distinctly encouraging. Beckett is a man not likely to suffer from nerves, nor to throw away chances through over-confidence. He is being assisted in his preparation by the right sort of men, and, win or lose, can rely upon to justify his adherents in matching him against such a great opponent as Billy Wells.

Readers of *The Daily Mirror* unable to see the bout for themselves will have the opportunity of seeing pictures of some of its most exciting episodes, which will be taken by means of the famous *Daily Mirror* lights, and published exclusively in this paper.

SUICIDE MYSTERY.

Widow's Strange Story at Inquest
—Husband's Farewell.

Putting a cushion in a gas oven and placing his head on it, after turning on the gas, was the method by which George Philip Coombes, aged forty-eight, restaurant manager, of St. Dunstan's-road, Fulham, committed suicide. The widow, at the inquest yesterday, said that her husband had begun divorce proceedings against her.

He left letters behind, one of which read: "Good-bye, my beloved mother. I can endure this torture no longer, and pray God may forgive me for this act."

Witness admitted that in December last she and her friend attempted suicide in a similar way. They were not together, and there was no compact or arrangement.

NEWS ON OTHER PAGES.

What Bolshevism Means, page 4.
Sporting News, page 15.
The Stock Exchange, page 15.

CLEMENCEAU'S STORY OF AN ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE

MINERS CONFER WITH MR. LOYD GEORGE.

Government Makes Offer to the Leaders.

WILL STRIKE BE AVERTED?

Great importance attaches to the deliberations of the miners, who met in London yesterday, especially to their conference with the Prime Minister.

It is learned on reliable authority that the Prime Minister made a lengthy statement on behalf of the Government, which, although grave in character, was sympathetic in tone.

Mr. Smillie then replied on behalf of the Miners' Federation.

Following this, the Prime Minister and other members of the Government withdrew for a short consultation, and on their return there was further discussion.

It is understood that the Government offered an inquiry which would report not later than March 31, and invited the Miners' Federation to nominate representatives to this inquiry which will be concerned only with hours and wages.

Mr. Smillie assured the Prime Minister that the matter would receive the immediate attention of the Miners' Federation Executive and that a conference of the miners' delegates would probably be called.

Mr. Lloyd George was accompanied by Sir Robert Horne (Minister of Labour), Sir D. Shackleton (Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour), Sir R. Redmayne (Coal Controller's Department), Mr. Thomas Jones (Acting Secretary to the War Cabinet) and Mr. H. G. Wilson (Ministry of Labour).

For two hours afterwards the miners discussed privately their interview with Mr. Lloyd George.

At the close of the discussion Mr. Smillie said that it had been decided to call a conference in London of the Miners' Federation similar to that held at Southampton.

The executive would discuss to-day the invitation of the Labour Minister to attend next week's National Conference.

The full result of the miners' ballot, said Mr. Smillie, would not be available before next Tuesday.

Some days ago the miners threw down the Government offer in reply to a very comprehensive demand from the men, which included nationalisation of the mines, and the executive decided to send out ballot papers.

The position yesterday as regards the Welsh miners' ballot was: For a national strike, 34,144; against, 12,201.

Northumberland colliers have voted by big majorities for a strike.

Premier Still Here. Mr. Lloyd George did not leave London for Paris yesterday, as was announced, and it is doubtful whether, owing to pressure of business at home, he will be able to go to-day.

BRITAIN LOSING PLACE AS WORLD'S SHIPBUILDER.

U.S.A. Launches More Ships in 1918 Than in Previous 10 Years.

That America is making a determined bid for supremacy in the shipbuilding world is easily seen from the following table of tonnage launched during 1918. The total number of ships was 1,866 and of tonnage 5,447,494 tons.

Ships.	Tonnage.
United Kingdom	301
Canada	206
Denmark	13
France	3
Holland	74
Italy	15
Japan	193
Norway	61
Spain	18
Sweden	32
United States	929

The United States output for the year is higher than the whole output of that country for the past ten years.

It is more than three times the amount launched during 1917 and exceeds by over 25 per cent. the combined output of the rest of the world for 1918.

In Great Britain the Clyde district occupies the first place with 348,760 tons. Then follow the Tyne (266,594 tons), the Wear (260,553 tons), the Tees (230,711 tons) and Belfast (148,253 tons). From 1894-1898 the tonnage launched in the United Kingdom amounted to 74.7 per cent. of the world output. The following three quinquennial periods showed 60, 59.3 and 61.1 per cent.

During the war years the United Kingdom's figure was only 38.6 per cent. of the world's output.

GEN. TRENCHARD IN PARIS

General Trenchard, Chief of the Air Staff, has arrived in Paris to take part in the discussion of armistice terms.—Reuter.

"My Adversaries Are Really Bad Shots"—His Peace Conference Concern.

DRAMA OF THE CEASELESS WATCHER.

Despite the wound of an assassin inflicted on him in his seventy-eighth year, Clemenceau, the Grand Old Man of France and the Allies, is apparently as virile as ever.

He recounted yesterday a dramatic story of the attempt on his life, and at the end of the story the fighting spirit of the "Tiger" came out—"My adversaries are really bad shots," he said.

"I have had the rest I wanted," added the "Tiger," in reference to his labours at the Peace Conference.

"I SAID, 'THAT FELLOW MEANS MISCHIEF.'"

The Sinister Figure Who Shadowed Premier.

PARIS, Thursday.

The *Matin* gives the following details of the Clemenceau affair:

M. Clemenceau is remarkably calm and retains his good spirits. Seated in his armchair, with his hands resting on each arm, and wearing his legendary skull cap, he told the whole story of the attempt on his life.

"Yesterday," he said, "when passing exactly the same spot at the corner of the Boulevard de Lessert, I remarked from my car a strange figure on the pavement watching me attentively."

"I said to myself, 'That fellow means mischief.'"

"This morning at the same place I noticed the same figure and immediately thought, 'Why, that is the same individual I saw yesterday.'"

"I had no time to think further, when the man raised his arm and fired in the direction of the door of the car, the glass being smashed."

"I did not reflect that there might perhaps be several bullets in the revolver, and at the first shot I leaned forward to watch the others which followed quickly one after the other."

"A SHARP PAIN."

"I felt a sharp pain below the nape of the neck."

"It was so painful that I could not help crying out."

"I perfectly realised that I had been hit. What followed after that passed with the rapidity of lightning. The footman alongside the chauffeur on the front of the motor-car at the first shot pulled a revolver from his own pocket, while the chauffeur increased speed, soon putting us out of reach of the fire."

Then we turned, and I was taken back home. At present I feel absolutely nothing."

The Premier added sarcastically: "My adversaries are really very bad shots."

Subsequently, in the presence of M. Pichon and some other visitors, M. Clemenceau said: "Do you think I am a good prophet and arrange things well beforehand? Do you think I had arranged this so that there should be no meeting of the Peace Conference to-day, which I should have been obliged to attend, as I might get a little rest? I have the rest I wanted."—Exchange.

COTIN THE ANARCHIST.

Father's Presentiment That His Son Was Guilty.

The following is the story of Jeanne Henri Cotin, the assassin of Clemenceau.

Cotin was born at Creil in 1896 and was living at an hotel at Grand Montrouge. He is a well-known Anarchist known by the name of Milon. He carried a Browning pistol, holding ten cartridges, and a refill containing four more was found in his pocket.

The other man arrested, named Dreyfus, has recently been demobilised, and he protested against the arrest of Cotin, but it appears that he has no connection with the criminal.—Wireless Press.

Friends of the Cotin family (says a Paris Central News message) declare that Emile Cotin is a weakly young man who worked for a long time in aeroplane factories.

When discharged he was employed by a cabinetmaker. The family left Compiegne after the bombardment and came to Paris.

Neither Emile nor the second son smoked or drank intoxicants.

Emile read a good deal, particularly anarchist works.

When his parents heard of the attack they burst into tears, and the father declared that Emile entertained anarchist ideas, which, he added: "I unsuccessfully contested."

"I am glad that M. Clemenceau was not killed," he personally had advanced ideas, but I am neither anarchist nor revolutionary."

The father is a factory worker and the mother an excellent housewife.

A great basket full of Anarchist propaganda tracts and letters from Anarchist comrades was removed from Cotin's room, which, as the Commissary said, would take all night to examine.

The prisoner told M. Tanguy that he had got his first good look at M. Clemenceau at the reception of the King of Italy, "and from that moment," he said, "his fate was sealed."

"Why did I choose this day?" he asked. "Well, there are always red-letter days in a man's life. This was my red-letter day." The Commissary said that Cotin appeared to be a well-educated man; and he spoke with a certain distinction. He appeared fully conscious of the gravity of his act and regretted nothing.—Reuter.

It is believed that Cotin was acting on behalf of a group. He declared at his examination that he and his friends had for a long time vowed vengeance upon M. Clemenceau, and had always refused to allow them to meet.—Exchange.

Inquiries have established the fact the assailant Cotin recently associated with Nihilists and other Russian prisoners of war who came to Paris from Germany not long ago.

The police are now searching for a mysterious individual who came from Switzerland, and who had a long interview with Cotin just before the attempted assassination.—Central News.

BRAVE MEN HONOURED.

Military Medal for Those Who Saved Clemenceau.

The Military Medal has been bestowed on the policeman who, although wounded in the cheek, arrested the assailant; the driver of the Premier's motor-car, who by his coolness lessened the seriousness of the attack, and the military staff clerk who jumped into a vehicle in motion in order to pursue the would-be assassin.—Reuter.

French Socialists condemn the attack.

Paris police have been long aware of a plot against the Premier, via Russia, says the Exchange.

The other man arrested was named Dreyfus, and said that he was born in London and knew nothing of Cotin.

The Peace Conference was yesterday adjourned.

"Hunting the Tiger."—A few moments after the attack (says Reuter) M. Clemenceau said to one of his colleagues who is particularly dear to him: "The Maharajah of Bikaner invited us to hunt the tiger in his country. Well, it is the Anarchists who are hunting the 'Tiger'—but they have not caught him."

"Vive Clemenceau!" is the general tone of the French Press. The *Journal* likens the attack to that which cost M. Jaures, the Socialist, his life.

A Previous Attack.—Le *Paris* recalls that M. Clemenceau during the Dreyfus affair was the victim of an attempt on his life in the offices of the newspaper *Aurore*. After a loud detonation, M. Clemenceau shrugged his shoulders and in his gruff manner declared that it was nothing to worry about. "Fitch him out at once," he added in reference to the assailant.

The Prince of Wales, who has left Paris, has asked the British Ambassador to keep him regularly informed of the progress of the wounded Premier.

LUNG PENETRATED.

PARIS, Thursday.

The following bulletin regarding the condition of M. Clemenceau, signed by Drs. Gosset, Tuffier, Laurie and Combe was issued this morning:—

Slight hamoptysis supervened at one o'clock yesterday afternoon, proving the penetration of a bullet into the lung.

Radioscopic and radiographic examination showed the precise position of the bullet.

General and local condition very satisfactory. Temperature, 36.9 (celsius); pulse, 78; alimen-

BOLSHEVISM GROWING IN BERLIN?

30,000 Troops to Go to Ruhr Mines.

SPARTACISTS' COUP.

BALE, Feb. 19.

Telegrams from Berlin indicate the growth of an immense Bolshevik organisation there.—Reuter.

A message from Berlin, says the Central News, states that nearly the whole of the Ruhr district is in the hands of the Spartacists, who are preventing by force any kind of transport.

The Cabinet conferred concerning the situation, and decided to send 30,000 men to the district to crush Spartacist terrorism.

During the last few days the Spartacists have occupied over 100 mines, and forty communal administrations are controlled by them.

SPARTACISTS USE ARTILLERY.

COPENHAGEN, Thursday.

It is reported from Rockingshausen, Westphalia, that Rottum (Eastro) is being bombarded by the Spartacists with artillery.

Assistance, however, is being dispatched from Muenster.—Reuter.

Other items about Germany contained in Reuter telegrams are:—

A Muenster telegram says Marshal Foch has agreed to the employment of German Government troops in the Rhine region to quell local disturbances.

The garrisons at Munich and Nuremberg are employing troops to resist the Spartacist Soldiers' Councils.

The strike of Berlin stores employees is settled.

A black, red and yellow flag has been adopted as the national flag of Germany.

HUN PLOT THAT FAILED IN MESOPOTAMIA.

Commander's Clever Blockade That Impressed Recalcitrant Tribes.

How the British Force in Mesopotamia stamped out a sinister and far-flung German conspiracy is told by Lieutenant-General Marshall, commanding-in-chief, in his dispatch published this morning and dated October 1.

In this dispatch he recounts how the murderers of a political officer at Nedjee were brought to book.

The deed was the work of a German agency, kept going by German gold, which called itself "The Committee of Rebellion," a branch of which was quartered at Nedjee.

The authorities were not wishful of bombarding the city, which contains a holy shrine of the Shiites, and is surrounded by a high wall, by shelling.

Instead the water supply was cut off, and pickets were established about the town with barbed wire connecting them, and these stopped ingress or egress.

Little by little the blockade line closed in and occupied the bastions of the walls and held the entrance gates.

The instigators were caught and tried; eleven were executed, seven sentenced to transportation and three were deported.

This firm handling of trouble impressed the recalcitrant tribes and contributed in no small degree to the subsequent establishment of friendly relations.

"A LABOUR SPEAKER."

In the Commons yesterday the debate was resumed on the proposed new standing orders on a motion by the Attorney-General empowering the Chair to call for explanation of any amendment before putting it to the House in order to obviate unnecessary discussion and to expedite business.

Lord Robert Cecil said he would support the amendment if it was made permissive instead of compulsory.

He was disposed to believe we should have a Labour Government in a few years, but he did not think a Labour Speaker would be unfair to a minority any more than a Speaker of any other party.

WATCH ON SUSPECTS.

Soeremus (the Bolshevik violinist) was deported February 15, said the Home Secretary yesterday.

Certain Russians of minor importance, who are believed to share Litvinoff's views, are still here, but their activities are being watched with a view to any necessary precautions against harmful propaganda on their part.

FOR DEEP CORNS, THICK CALLUSES, ACHING TENDER- NESS, CHILBLAINS, ETC.

THEY ARE NO LONGER NECESSARY,
BUT OF COURSE YOU WANT PROOF.
HERE IT IS.

A foot bath in hot salted water is all you need. It does not affect sound, healthy skin in the slightest degree, but acts only on the dead, hardened skin composing corns and callouses, which it softens just as water softens soap. Then pick the corn right out, root and all, like the hull out of a strawberry. Merely cutting the top off with a razor or burning it off with caustic liquids, plasters, etc., is about as logical as cutting the top off an aching tooth, and is simply a waste of time. Also it hurts, and is dangerous. Over a million packets of Reudel bath salt (for the preparation of salted water) have been sold during the past two years, every one containing a signed and legally binding guarantee to return money in full if any user is dissatisfied. No question, no delay, and no red tape. Yet the sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, as you will understand when you see for yourself the wonderful effects it produces. In packages of convenient sizes and at very low prices, from all chemists. Ask them about it. (Adv't.)

15 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Packed Free Carriage Paid,
Direct from Works.

**LOWEST CASH AND
EASY PAYMENT PRICES.**

Immediate delivery. Write to-day for
Free Art Lists and Special Offer of
Sammy Bicycle.

Tires and Accessories at Half Shop Prices.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, INCORP.
DEPARTMENT 235A.

50, George Street, Baisall-Heath, BIRMINGHAM.
or 11, Paradise Street, LIVERPOOL.



Made for Warmth and Comfort: Medea Wear

The close-knit fine texture is admirably suited for next-to-the-skin wear and never irritates either when new or after many washings. Every article of this other-than-all-wool wear is woven to shape and affords delightful fit-satisfaction.

Medea
ALL BRITISH
UNDERWEAR
Socks, Socks & Gaves,
for Men, Women, & Children

You can see Medea at your outfitters. It is woven to all sizes and styles in cold and warm weather weights, and sold at prices well within your reach.

Ladies' Combinations, Vests, Knickers, Spencers,
Bodices, Stockings, Gaves, &c.

Men's Vests, Pants, Socks, &c.

Medea "Leader"	2/5 per pair
Medea "De Luxe"	2/6 per pair
Medea "Triumph"	2/6 per pair
Medea "Excel"	3/- per pair
Medea "Ideal"	3/6 per pair
Medea "Primus"	3/6 per pair
Medea "Charm"	3/6 per pair
Medea "Grace"	4/- per pair
Medea "Choice"	4/- per pair
Medea "Eclipse"	4/6 per pair

Always look for this Medea Tab and pay only the price marked on the tab of stockings and socks for ladies and men.

In case of difficulty write to
**W. Tyler, Sons & Co.,
King Street, Leicester.**

WOMEN'S TREATMENT BY BOLSHEVISTS.

Opposition to Rule of the
Reds Growing.

WILD MEN'S ORDER.

There was reason to believe, said Mr. Harmsworth in answer to a question in the Commons yesterday, that a proclamation regarding the treatment of women had been issued in several Russian centres, and that an attempt had been made to enforce it. It had not, however, been established whether it was issued by the Bolshevik Council or an anarchist body.

Replying to a further question, Mr. Harmsworth said he was not sure whether the proclamation was suitable for general publication.

Mr. Harmsworth also stated that many Russian officer prisoners of war who had been repatriated to Russia from Germany had refused to join the Bolshevik army and had been shot by the Bolshevik authorities.

WORKERS IN REVOLT.

Strikes Against Economy Committees Who
Control Factories.

The Daily Mirror learns that trustworthy information from sources considered to be sympathetic with the Russian revolution shows that opposition to Bolshevik rule among the more enlightened working classes of Russia is increasing.

The heads of the factory staffs such as the Putilov, Okhukovski and Treugolnik Works express openly their dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs.

As a result large coal strikes have taken place against the Soviet People's Economy Committees, who control the factories.

According to Bolshevik wireless, 60,000 women are on strike in Petrograd alone, demanding the end of civil war and the establishment of free trade.

In the country the better-class peasants are similarly revolting against Bolshevik rule generally, owing to the institution of the Poverty Committees, composed of the worst elements of the village, reinforced by Bolsheviks.

DRIVEN BACK 100 MILES.

Effect of Denekin's Brilliant Victory Over
Bolsheviks.

Here are the latest details from the various Russian fronts:—

Murmansk and Archangel.—Bolshevik troops have doubled since beginning of year. Immediate offensive on large scale not expected.

Dvina.—Enemy moral bad, troops unwilling to make further attacks.

Siberia.—A Bolshevik battalion in this area, after being addressed by a deputation of peasants, mutilated, killed their commander and came over to the Siberian army.

The counter-offensive of the Siberians is continuing steadily, several villages having been occupied.

Southern Front Victory.—As is known, General Denekin's volunteer army gained a brilliant victory over the Bolsheviks, driving them back over 100 miles, taking 31,000 prisoners, ninety-five guns and much booty.

If the story of the Volunteer Army (only half-armoured and practically no equipment, except that captured from the enemy) led by Denekin and his predecessors, Generals Kaledin, Korniloff and Alexieff, is ever written, it will be one of the most astonishing of the war.

Not since the days of Garibaldi has any body of men effected such extraordinary things in the face of difficulties which appeared insuperable.

Cossack Losses.—Bolsheviks have gained a considerable amount of territory in fighting with Cossacks' army. The latter's counter-offensive has slowed up the Bolshevik advance. One thousand prisoners and two guns were taken here, and the 2nd Soviet Division, composed of Chinese Lithuanians, appears to have been almost entirely destroyed.

Poland.—Evidence goes to show that the large-scale German attack which was reported as having taken place in great force immediately after the arrival of Hindenburg at Colberg, was only a distorted account of the local fighting.

Baltic States.—The Bolsheviks, as a result of bombardment by the British Fleet, evacuated Windaw, which, however, they have now re-occupied.

PORTUGAL CALM AGAIN.

It is stated in authoritative circles in London that the Monarchist rising in Portugal is regarded as having completely collapsed, says Reuter.

All the Royalist leaders have been arrested with the exception of Colonel Paiva Couceiro, who, it is believed, has succeeded in escaping to Spain.

COLONEL McCALMONT RESIGNS.

Colonel McCalmont, Unionist member for East Antrim, has resigned his seat on appointment to the command of a battalion of the Irish Guards.

BATMEN AS MAIDS?

Officers' Servants Who Can Sew,
Scrub and Cook.

"ADMIRABLE CRICHTONS."

If you cannot obtain a maid why not employ a batman?

Hundreds of batmen—the military term for an officer's servant—are now being released from the Army. A large number of them—so say the London registry offices—are now seeking employment as civilian batmen with private families.

An official of one large servants' registry office declares that they are getting more applications for work from men than women at the present time.

The amazing usefulness of the average batman was described to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by an officer. "Batmen are like girl domestics; they are either 'duds' or 'treasures,'" he said.

"My last 'batman' in France was a perfect 'treasure.' Give him a job in a London household and he would do the work of half a dozen maids, as well as the duties of the cook."

Here are this batman's accomplishments:—

- (1) Could mend torn clothes, sew on buttons and darn socks.
- (2) Sole and heel boots.
- (3) An expert at polishing all forms of leather.
- (4) Cook anything from a steak-pudding to a custard-pie.
- (5) Make beds, scrub floors, sweep, dust and generally make a tidy house.
- (6) A knowledge of plumbing and carpentry.
- (7) An excellent handyman for odd jobs.

Several well-to-do officers, who have now left the Service, have managed to retain their old "batmen" for similar duties in civilian life.

SOUP AS AIR SAVER.

What Admiralty Scientist Discovered from the Dinner Table.

"It would only be surprised at the common things in life, science would progress much faster than it does."

So said Mr. A. L. Rawlings, scientific assistant at the Admiralty Compass Observatory, at Ditch, when he spoke at Windsor on "Spinning Tops."

Mr. Rawlings said that he was dining at an hotel at Windsor, and as he put his spoon in his soup the liquid in the soup plate wobbled about in a surprising manner.

Once started, experiment after experiment, and other scientists, and those experiments led to further discoveries which he (the speaker) thought might lead to possibilities of a great saving in aeroplane flight.

It was possible that the safety of passengers and airmen would owe much in future to the discovery made in the soup.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mrs. Lloyd George is confined to her room with a cold.

Lord Jellicoe's departure by the New Zealand was postponed from yesterday till to-day.

The Duke of Connaught has accepted the presidency of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

Motor Lifeboats.—It is proposed to establish a fleet of motor-lifeboats, at a possible cost of £500,000.

Royal Birthday.—Windsor bells were rung yesterday in honour of the fifty-second birthday of Princess Royal.

Cliffside.—At Athfield, Isle of Wight, thousands of tons of earth and rock have been dislodged by this winter's rain.

Triplets.—Mrs. Bracken, Great Harwood, the wife of a soldier recently killed in action, gave birth to girl triplets yesterday.

Coal Magnate's Fortune.—Mr. William Thompson Crawshaw, a Deputy Lieutenant for Glamorganshire, left £320,209 4s. 7d.

Rosa Luxemburg's body is said to have been found near the Mockernbrücke, in Berlin, says Reuter, quoting the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

Out-of-work donations were paid to 724,090 on February 7, and the average weekly amount paid for three weeks is £860,000.—Mr. Parker.

Shipowner's Million Estate.—Bailie Thomas H. Hutchison, sole partner in Messrs. J. and T. Hutchison, shipowners, left £1,053,012 in 5d.

Weather Forecast.—For S.E. England: Light or moderate S.E.S. winds, veering W.; temporarily dull; some rain or drizzle; misty; mild.

The control of milk is to be considered by a conference of representatives of the Ministries of Food, Local Government Board and the Board of Agriculture.—Mr. McCurdy.

More Work—Cheaper Food.—The question of abolishing Government control of trade with a view of developing industries, cheapening the cost of food and finding employment for unemployed men is being examined.—Mr. Bridgeman.

LUDENDORFF A "RECKLESS PERSON."

A telegram from Berlin to Copenhagen, says Reuter, states that Hindenburg has complained to Herr Scheidemann of the latter's attitude towards Ludendorff a reckless person, and pointing out that such expression has caused much pain to him and others. Herr Scheidemann replied: "I should like to express regret that my utterance regarding General Ludendorff has caused your Excellency."

HOW I GOT RID OF THINNESS.

My Treatment Increased My Weight by
36 lbs. and Gave Me New Life
and Strength.

To Every Thin Man and Woman.—To prove
that it will do the same for
you I will send you

A LARGE FREE SUPPLY.

I was a thin, miserable-looking individual but a few years ago. I felt as miserable as I looked, for not only was I weak and ailing, but, like all nervous and unduly thin people, I was very sensitive about my personal appearance. I noticed that it was the well-developed man or woman who was happy, jolly and successful and I yearned to put on flesh and to feel cheerful and robust in health. I tried all kinds of advertised remedies without success, as you would have probably done. Finally I resolved to study this subject for myself, and my medical training enabled me at once to see that emaciation and lack of flesh are not a matter of want of food or of the ability to digest it. The trouble invariably arises from malassimilation and malnutrition caused by



LACK OF NERVE FORCE.

After years of experiment and study I discovered a most wonderful nerve food and flesh builder. Within a few weeks of starting my treatment I had increased my weight by 36lb., and I now weigh 12st. 8lb., and am in the best of health and in peak of condition. You can be fat and strong—you can feel your own muscle pulsating with vigour and life. There is no need to go into too many details, or for you to undertake monotonous, tiresome exercises. The easy, pleasant and sure way of putting on flesh and becoming strong is to impart to the body a good store of vital force, which will enable the digestive organs to absorb all the food and muscle forming elements contained in your food.

No matter what your age or sex, and whether you have been thin all your life or have only recently become so, my treatment will attack the cause, find the cause and abolish that which keeps you thin and weak.

To all who send without delay I will forward a large free supply of my Scientific Nerve Food and Flesh Builder, together with an important new book (just published by Irvine Wright, Ltd.) teeming with interest for thin and weak people. Any information gratefully received by Dr. Davies, Lyngwayne, Llandebie, Carmarthen.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1919.

THE FALSE LEADERS OF LABOUR.

WHO are the Leaders of Labour, in this country, at this critical season?

Consider them; compare them with one another; and you will class them in two types.

There is the type that plainly shows Labour the disaster that must follow from the adoption of "Bolshevist" methods here.

There is Mr. Clynes, for example. And this is what Mr. Clynes says to Labour:

I do not believe that any industrial grievance can be removed by the workers doing injury to industry.

Trade union leaders have great responsibility, and it should not be surrendered in submission to acts of violence or what is called direct action.

The present level of prices cannot be substantially lowered till there is a substantial increase in production.

Labour, strong as it is, cannot separate itself from the body of the community.

In other words: "Don't kill the golden goose. Don't throw over your chosen representatives. Prices must come down before high wages are of use. But, before prices can come down, production must be increased. Labour must not make war on the community."

This is the true doctrine.

But, pitted against Mr. Clynes, you have men like Mr. Smillie and Mr. Robert Williams. Contrasted with the recognised leader urging peace, you have the secret diplomatist prompting war.

What is Mr. Smillie's programme and procedure?

It consists in pointing the pistol of an ultimatum at the head of the community and shouting: "Grant all we ask, without consideration, or Bolshevist-like, we stab and shoot you!"

In other words, the false Leader of Labour who wanted peace by negotiation with the Kaiser will not allow negotiation, with a view to peace, at home!

The false leader let down the soldiers in the war.

Now he wants to let down the community in peace.

His aim during the war was to restrict the output of coal to immediate needs, in order to leave us a narrow margin after the war—in view of a coal strike.

His clumsy plea is that he wants to secure more employment by restricting production.

Any economist will tell him this is the way to increase unemployment. His professed desire is to benefit the workers in one industry. His way of doing it is to starve the workers in all other industries.

The larger number of the most industrious miners, we believe, do not want a strike. Under the drive of the false Leader, they are being told they must have one.

These are the methods of Bolshevism within the Unions.

The Bolshevists talk much of the welfare of Labour.

That is camouflage.

Their real aim and their constant practice is to use the Unions as a means of playing with politics. Were there full publicity, time for understanding, and complete freedom within the Unions, the industrious majority would get rid of the Bolshevist element and the false leaders would get the surprise of their lives. Men like Mr. Smillie and Mr. Williams, of the Society of Transport Workers, would then stand revealed: the enemies of all, affecting to be the friends of a few.

Let the public watch them. Let the majority of miners understand them. Let Labour contrast their hot gospel with that of Mr. Clynes. Then there will be a revolution against them, and there will be the broom for Bolshevism. And there will be a demand that the Government, delaying no longer, should weed out the false leaders who are watching the Strike Day, March 15, as a "Red Letter Day" on which (like Mr. Clemenceau's cowardly assailant) they may shoot their fellow-workers in the back!

HOW TO TAME A TAXI: A TRUE TALE.

A WOUNDED MAN'S EFFORT TO GET TO HAMPSTEAD.

By MILES MALLESSEN.

I WANTED to get to Hampstead in a very great hurry. It was tremendously important.

It was the time of day when Undergrounds are hopelessly crowded. Buses are of little use to me. I hit my leg against a Boche bullet recently while out for a walk in France, and now I go with a stick—two sticks, to be precise.

I don't put that in for sympathy—I am very thankful to be alive and almost whole—but because it's part of the story.

I used to fancy myself, rather, as a "scrum" half, but those days are over for me; getting on to a bus is the sort of Great Push in which I remain in reserve—I nearly always do remain, too.

Thoughts of a taxi entered my head.

I came round a corner and beheld a beauti-

fourth. He was most affable. "Can't take yer, matey; not till these others have moved off—their jobs first."

I stood back and regarded the four taxicabs in a row with four erect flags—and a great rage seized me.

I turned and saw a stout policeman.

With as much dignity as a game leg and two sticks permit, I went up to him.

"Constable," I said, "these four taxicabs are plying for hire, I wish to hire one." My back was turned to the four taxicabs, but I watched a grin broadening on his broad face.

"Can't do nothing, sir. They're engaged."

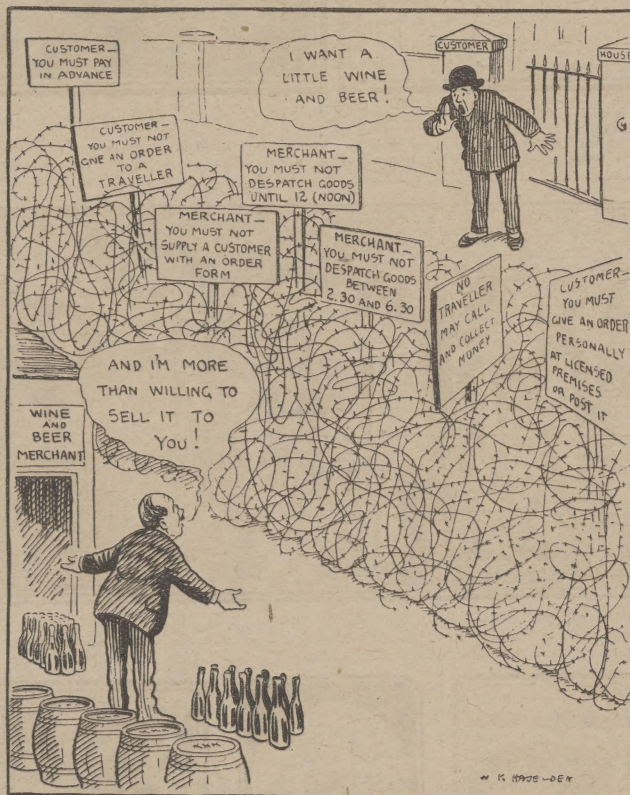
"Nonsense," I said, and turned round. All their four flags were down and they were moving off. I watched them disappear down four side streets. . .

A little further on an unsuspecting taxicab passed slowly. I hailed it. It stopped. This time I opened the door first, then said "Hampstead?" and got in.

There was an awful pause.

For a moment the universe seemed to stand still. The fifth man descended from his wheel.

IF IT WASN'T FOR THE BARBED WIRE IN BETWEEN!



We might be beginning to get a glass of better beer at home from time to time—not to speak of wine and the rest.—(By W. K. Haxelden.)

ful sight—four taxis in a row with four flags erect.

I approached the first one. "I want to go to Hampstead," I said, pleasantly cheerful.

"Can't," said the man at the wheel. "Got a job at one."

I consulted my watch.

"It's five past now," I replied—tactlessly perhaps, but with conviction.

The man at the wheel did not deign to answer. He stared in front of him. He seemed so lost in contemplation that I left him for the next. "Will you take me to Hampstead?" I asked.

"No," he replied. They are men of few words.

I went to the third.

"Hampstead!" I said peremptorily, and doing my best to banish a note of doubt from my voice.

The third man at the wheel turned and regarded me—amazed. "What j'yer take me for?" he asked.

I might have replied with some point that I took him for a taxi-driver, but the remark didn't occur to me till afterwards.

I was so taken aback that I passed to the

The door opened. "I can't take yer." It was my turn to remain silent.

"I tell yer I can't take yer; get out."

"Then drive me to the nearest police station."

His mouth opened, the door shut—and we had started on our way to Hampstead. We didn't get far. We went slower and slower, the engine coughed a little and stopped. Again he descended, tinkered a little with the engine and came to the window.

"Can't take yer—engine broke down."

"What's the matter with it?" I asked. He regarded it with a pathetic shake of his head; but I hated the gleam in his eye. "Exhaust pipe," he explained (at least, it was something like that. I know less than nothing about motors. I'm afraid of them).

But, at the moment, I felt magnificent. "Take these," I said, handing him my sticks.

I threw open my coat with a gesture. I'm a motor engineer," I informed him; "I'll put it right for you in a moment."

The gleam faded from his eye. "Get in," he said.

I got to Hampstead rather late. . .

M. M.

THE WIFE'S EARNINGS.

OBJECTIONS TO THE IDEAL OF A "PARTNERSHIP MARRIAGE."

LET THEM HELP!

BY all means let women earn their living and help the anxious young men now demobilised to "carry on."

Many of these young husbands are less fitted to earn their living than they were before the war. P. M.

COMPETITORS.

THE true partnership is at home—for the wife to look after the home.

Wives who go out to work are competitors, not partners, with their husbands. W. H. T.

STAY AT HOME!

A WIFE should not earn money as well as her husband, because it is in most cases hard enough for a man to get a good job owing to so many girls and women underentering them that if wives are going to join in then the men will have a worse time than ever.

A wife's place is at home, and a really good wife generally can find enough to do in the home, and, after all, is her employment.

A wife should be a mother, and a mother's duty is to bring up her children to be a credit to both parents, and I think that any husband ought to be quite satisfied that his wife is giving her full share to their home by just doing this.

A wife can be independent without earning her own living. A HAPPY HUSBAND. Forest Gate.

THE EXCESS PROFITS TAX.

I EXPECT I am only one of hundreds writing to you in the same strain, but I would like to let you know how glad I was to read your article on the excess profits duty.

My partner and I are very hard hit by this impossible tax, as we only started in business very shortly before the war.

Entirely regardless of the first lean and profitless years, when the business was being built up and we preferred to leave our money in it to help the building, the assessors call practically all our profits "excess," and leave us a small negligible margin that no progressive business could work on.

Surely it is not fair to call profits "excess profits" because they happen in the last year of a four or five years' inaugural campaign.

The Act has the following direct effects on a new firm:—

It stops any attempt at expansion.

It prevents legitimate competition.

It must eventually close down a young firm.

WEST AND CO.

Moort-street. (Geoffrey Clayton, partner).

DANCING IN SCHOOLS.

FROM MARLBOROUGH.

I DO not think that anyone from Marlborough has yet contributed to this discussion.

Here we have ample provision for dancing, and I, with numerous friends, am intensely keen that this form of healthy exercise should be introduced into the school, for the benefit of those who, like myself, are not enthusiasts about games.

MARLBOROUGH. Marlborough College, Wilts.

FROM CHARTERHOUSE.

I READ with joy the correspondence on dancing at the public schools.

Why can we not be given the chance of learning to dance in our spare time?

Rooms, etc., are all at hand, and yet this pastime is denied us.

Most of us while at our private schools started to learn, but since then have had no chance to continue our lessons. Is this fair?

Though hoping for the best, I am forced to admit the strength of Malvernian's statement—that public schools are the last homes of conservatism, and I also doubt whether we shall ever be given our chance.

CHARTERHOUSE.

FROM WINCHESTER.

I CONSIDER that dancing is just as much a part of one's education as learning to play the piano.

At most public schools there are facilities for the latter, although it is practically all done out of school hours, but, after all, no rational being could seriously expect to have dancing lessons in place of Latin prose.

But why should not there be dancing classes from, say, five to six in the evening of winter half-holidays, when it is too dark to do anything out of doors?

There must be many in the same position as myself who have not had a dancing lesson for four years or more through being at a public school, who hardly dare to take the floor, and who, when they do are only a source of extreme annoyance to their fair and up-to-date partners.

A WYKEHAMIST.

FROM UPPINGHAM.

WE have every convenience for dancing here, and I am sure that my opinion is shared by many here, who realise how out of it they are in the holiday if you are a dancer.

The only objection offered by those who are against this motive is merely an old-time prejudice.

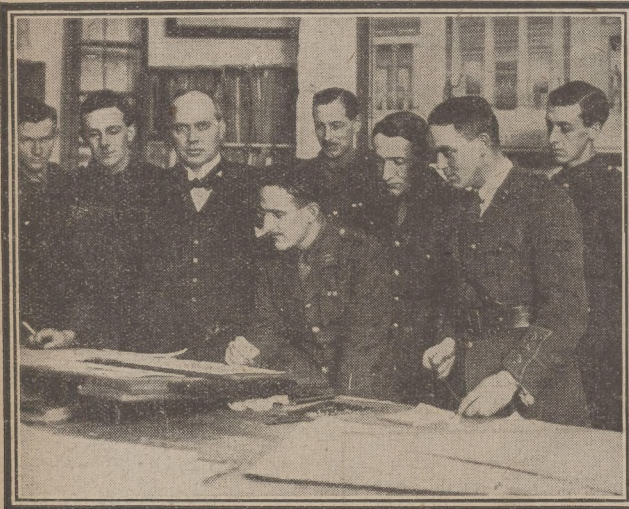
TWO UPPINGHAMIAN.

Charterhouse, Godalming.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

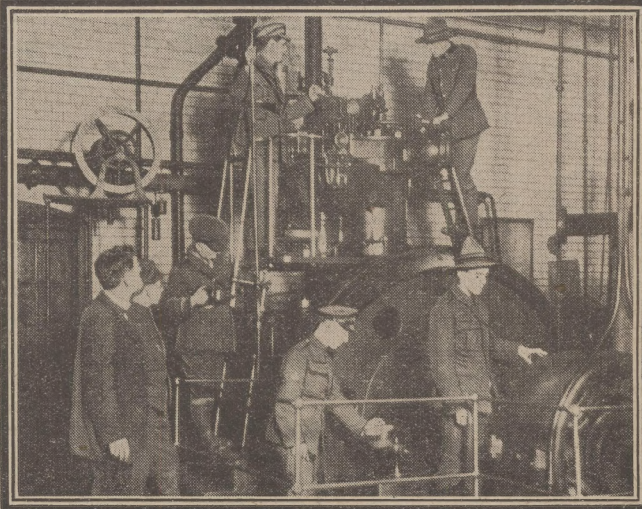
To be beautiful and to be calm, without mental fear, is the ideal of nature. If I cannot achieve it, at least I can think it.—Richard Jefferies.

UNDERGRADUATES IN KHAKI: OFFICERS LEARN TOWN PLANNING.



Learning town-planning in the School of Architecture.

A new scheme has been formulated by the Government for providing a university education for Army officers, thus enabling them to earn a good income on their return to



Liverpool has always been famous for its engineering school.

civilian life. The scheme is now in operation at Liverpool, where already a number of undergraduates have entered for the scientific courses.



AN ENGAGEMENT.—Miss M. A. R. Cowie, daughter of Brig.-Gen. A. H. Cowie, C.M.G., R.E., to marry Major E. H. Incey, M.C., son of Lt.-Col. Incey.



EISTEDDFOD IN LONDON.—Girls in the picturesque Welsh dress at the Eisteddfod opened at the Central Hall, Westminster, in connection with the Women's Free Church Council. (Daily Mirror photograph.)



IMPROVING "TOMMY'S" MIND.—Miss J. Coffin, Duncan, who is to lecture to British troops in Italy. She is a graduate of Trinity College.



"HULLO, AMERICA."—Miss Elsie Janis and Mr. Mauri Chevalier, who are appearing in the Palace Theatre production. Mr. Chevalier has taken the part of Mr. Owen Nares, who is to appear in a new piece soon.



Ten-pennig piece—



—issued at Duren.

BOCHE ON A COIN.—After mastering the mysteries of the French coinage, "Tommy" is now learning the intricacies of German money. This coin is only legal tender locally.



"DOES GOOD BY STEALTH."—Miss Hayes, an Edmonton teacher, who for years has bought horses no longer fit for work and had them destroyed. It was only as the result of a police-court case in which she gave evidence that her charitable work became known.

UNWISE TAXATION WILL CRIPPLE OUR TRADE.

HEAVY IMPOSTS MUST BE BASED ON SOUND PRINCIPLES.

By OUR CITY CORRESPONDENT.

Our readers have here a well-considered study of the effect of the Excess Profits Tax. The case against all profits over and above 20 per cent. being taken by the State is also given.

THE suggestion made by an influential deputation to Mr. Austen Chamberlain that, as the price for the abolition of Excess Profits Duty, a graduated tax on profits should be imposed, all profits over 20 per cent. to be taken by the State, created amazement in the City.

There is an uneasy feeling that the Chancellor of the Exchequer may adopt a taxation policy in the next Budget that may greatly increase the nation's reconstruction difficulties. If the suggestion of the deputation is followed, the result may well be disastrous.

As demobilisation proceeds, unemployment will grow, unless the country's commercial activities revive far more speedily than has been the case so far. Of supreme importance is the development of our overseas trade, the basis of all our pre-war prosperity.



Mr. A. Chamberlain.

To secure this the fullest possible encouragement of enterprise by the State is essential.

The Excess Profits Duty was well received—on the principle that those who were making money during the war should contribute heavily to the nation's huge war expenses.

It has, however, proved unfair and vicious in practice. Even as a tax upon profits secured on war work it has led to extravagance and high prices. But it has been applied indiscriminately upon all industries.

What has been the result? In the case of rubber companies, for example, many after their first year's experience of parting with three-quarters of their profits taken by the State have drastically restricted production, preferring to conserve the latex in their trees. Land companies, instead of turning out a maximum of tropical produce to the benefit of the community and earning profits that would have yielded a rich revenue to the Treasury in income tax, have preferred to divert energies to further development.

Gold and base metal mining companies have concentrated upon low grade ore producing a minimum quantity from this material. The world has been thus deprived of supplies, enterprise has been checked. Economy has been penalised.

All these causes have contributed to the enormous rise that has occurred in the price of all commodities. Yet the State has in many instances received less than if no excess profits duty had been in operation and, with maximum production and profitable working encouraged, merely the 6s. income tax had been levied upon the proceeds.

PROTECT PERSONAL ENDEAVOUR.

In home industries the result has been reckless extravagance in all directions. Proprietors after a few months' work, finding that any further energy would yield no individual benefit, have taken holiday. Salaries and bonuses have been given that will be difficult to maintain under competitive conditions. Companies that used to query travellers' third-class railway fares have freely provided motor-cars. All the unnecessary increase in working expenses has swollen the cost of articles produced.

The excess profits duty was hailed by many as an ideal "tax on capital" with, as its only defect, that it absorbed 80 per cent. instead of 100 per cent. of the profits. In its working it has proved one of the most onerous forms of indirect taxation, as all who eat, drink, smoke or wear clothes have cause to know.

The alternative now proposed to Mr. Chamberlain would perpetuate most of the anomalies of the excess tax and would exaggerate its many vices.

We have submitted to the duty—we who have had to pay as well as the business men whose enterprise has been crippled—as a temporary war expedient. To have a similar tax, that would be even worse in its influence upon British trade, imposed as part of our ordinary peace time fiscal system would be intolerable.

The proposition is that all profits over 20 per cent. on capital should be taken by the State.

Who is to fix the capital? Is this to be the price at which a business

was floated off to the public by an unduly optimistic company-promoter?

If so, one business will be allowed to retain huge profits, whereas a competitor with money capital extremely small—having been built up by personal endeavour and sacrifice—will have to surrender the bulk of its earnings.

Take the cases we have mentioned.

Who would put up money to develop a rubber estate, receiving no return upon his capital for probably several years, incurring all risks of management, climate and tropical diseases for a possible 20 per cent. ultimately, if commodity prices hold good when production is at last attained?

Who will finance the development of estates to produce such variable crops as coffee, tobacco, cocoa or sugar, if the maximum reward after years of waiting is 20 per cent. in an exceptionally good season, often one out of three?

Who will finance enterprises like the Chartered Company, which has added Rhodesia to the Empire, but has not yet, after twenty years, paid a dividend, if at the outset the maximum return in prospect is 20 per cent.?

If only that amount is to be allowed for the successes, who will run the risk of being concerned in the failures, which are always, in pioneer developing enterprises, the vast majority?

In mining, for one company that eventually pays 20 per cent. dividends with any regularity at least fifty fail—this is understating the fact—to make any return. Moreover, in companies working a wasting asset, as is the case with all mines and with many other

undertakings, a large proportion of any profits earned, represent return of, and not interest upon, capital.

If British capital is discouraged from opening up new sources of supply of raw materials and other products for our industries and our consumption abroad, one of the most fruitful outlets for British exports will be extinguished. It was our enterprise in far-off lands that created and maintained our great pre-war foreign trade.

The work of capital in the above directions has been emphasised because the attendant risks are regarded as greater than in connection with home enterprise and the need for adequate return in the event of success is more manifest.

Even at home, however, the man to venture either for himself or by taking ordinary shares in any new company requires the allurement of a substantial return in prospect in the event of success.

Who, for instance, would provide the money to explore for and develop a new British coal-field with the tax suggested?

The benefit of any taxation of this kind will not fall to the British Exchequer. The gain will be that of the foreigner. New companies that undertake all classes of enterprise that involve a degree of risk will have their offices domiciled in other countries.

Foreign capital will not come to London, but British capital will flow to other centres, where the spirit of adventure—the soul of all commerce—is encouraged and when successful is allowed to reap the due reward.

All realise that taxation must be heavy, but that is the more reason why it should be based upon sound principles. Let the making of profits be encouraged rather than penalised.

It will pay the Chancellor of the Exchequer far better to secure the present income tax on a profit of 100 per cent. than to take all profits over 20 per cent.—as in the latter event few companies or individuals will earn even 25 per cent.

G. J. H.



MARSHAL PETAIN AT SPIRE.—The famous French soldier is here seen reviewing the 23rd Colonial Regiment in front of the cathedral.—(French official.)

ARE WRITERS OF LOVE LETTERS CRIMINALS?

REPLY TO MR. PAUL BEWSHER.

By ROSALIE NEISH.

"DOES it seem fair, does it seem cricket, that love letters should be read in court?"

Well, it is quite fair, and is it really cricket, that the man who wrote them should fail to redeem the promises he made in them?

If they are breach of promise letters he must in justice ask himself this question, and if they are "divorce" letters is it fair or is it cricket to make love to another man's wife?

It must be extremely unpleasant for the shop thief to hear a minute description given in the open court of his or her shoplifting exploits, but was it cricket to steal and pilfer?

All criminals run great risks, and the love-letter writer runs risks also.

I think perhaps that if the letters of a love-defaulter were held to be sacred defaulters might increase.

"Mr. Brown," listening to the beautiful or indolent effusions of "Mr. Smith," makes up

his mind he will be careful what he writes to his Marion.

Then there is another side. A real love letter is never ridiculous, excepting to the loveless or those who have forgotten the glowing days of their own youth and love.

You may say "What a brute to desert the poor girl," or "How can men change so?" But, indignant though you are, you do not laugh.

You laugh at silly effusions and idiotic pet names and mawkish sentimentalities. Real sentiment always finds its echo in the human heart. Both act as a warning. One, the real, fills some of us with shame; while the "silly" has a wholesome and restraining influence.

Publicity may help to end the "silly" and control the too ardent. That, at least, is part of its mission. If "pages of the most secret thoughts of man's life provide amusement for titivating women in a gallery," they may also act as a drag and a warning on the adoring but fickle young men below the gallery and prevent them from being too ardent unless they are quite sure of their own fidelity.

R. N.

THOSE ADMIRABLE LITTLE "BROWNIES."

SOME ACCOUNT OF GOVERNMENT GIRL MESSENGERS.

By STAFF CAPTAIN;

The "Brownie" has been the guide, philosopher and friend to staff and public throughout the war.

NOW when everybody, it seems, is being demobilised, I wonder whether the "Brownie" will escape.

The "Brownie" is the little messenger girl, a war-time creation in Government offices. Her uniform is a brown overall garment, her badge a gold crown, her duties omnifarious.

Set her to the most unusual tasks and she will reply cheerfully: "I'll try, sir." She lives in a mysterious place known as a "Messengers' Lobby." Nobody, I think, but a "Brownie" has ever seen the inside of one of these places.

Legend has it that tea is always available behind those closed doors.

One thing is certain—that if an emergency cup of tea is ever required, a "Brownie" will produce it at the shortest notice, just as she will produce a time-table, the latest Whit-taker, a copy of the Times or a hammer and nails.

"Brownies" seem to know no fear. They will beard the fiercest generals in their fiercest moments.

THE HANDY GIRL.

Has some cowed junior officer, after twenty minutes' acrid hate with his super-brass hat, left behind him in his distress some most important paper in the great man's room, he would never dare go back for it himself. Such would be a suicidal action. So he rings for a "Brownie."

"Brownie," he says, "there is a paper something like this with something about machine guns for the Lapland cavalry written on it. I think I left it on General Whizz Bang's table. See if you can get it for me, will you?"

"I'll try, sir," says the "Brownie," and departs.

Anon the "Brownie" returns with the paper. Probably she made the irate general find it for her, but that is her affair. "Brownies" have their own ways of doing things.

One realises that when in one's busiest moments one becomes conscious of a demure little messenger standing silently by one's side. Now were the messenger a boy loutishly shuffling or brusquely interrupting one would none too kindly pack him out of the room. But the "Brownie" is irresistible. She catches your eye.

"If you please, sir," she lisps, "could you lend me a match"—or a penknife—or a three-foot rule, or anything preposterous. And the odds are that if you have the article you lend it or if you haven't you try to find one or tell her where it can be had.

And then perhaps you realise that someone a few doors away has rung for a "Brownie," and said, "Messenger, see if you can get me a—whatever it is."

LOST WITHOUT "BROWNIE."

I have often wondered what happens to "Brownies" when they grow up. They all appear to keep a sort of standard size, and after a time they disappear, and new "Brownies" very much like the old ones take their places. Perhaps when they grow up they marry generals, or controllers, or directors, great men who have appreciated their wonderful powers and resource. I once knew a "Brownie" who could get sugar for tea every day.

If the "Brownie" be demobilised she will be sadly missed. The old-time Government messenger, the supernumerated old soldier as a rule, is a splendid fellow, but he is too fierce; you could never confess your weaknesses and foibles to him as you could to a "Brownie."

You could hardly expect a veteran sergeant, his chest ablaze with medal ribbons, to bring in a needle and cotton and sew up a rent in the sleeve of your tunic, for instance. I have seen a tiny "Brownie" performing this office for a bemuddled general.

There was a distinguished officer once, head of a branch in the never-mind-what hotel. He was working very late and had occasion to go and see another distinguished officer in a far part of the building. He rang him up and said he was coming round to see him, and he started.

All the "Brownies" had gone home.

They found him two hours later lost completely. Worn out with wandering, he was asleep in a messenger's lobby, waiting for the first arrival in the morning to take him back to his room.

G. H.

"UNCLE SAM."



Miss Pam Browning in her striking frock, black with gold brocade.



Mr. Howard Lang (Karl Pfeiffer) and Mr. Dick Bernard (Henry Block).

This play, now at the Haymarket Theatre, won President Wilson's approval.

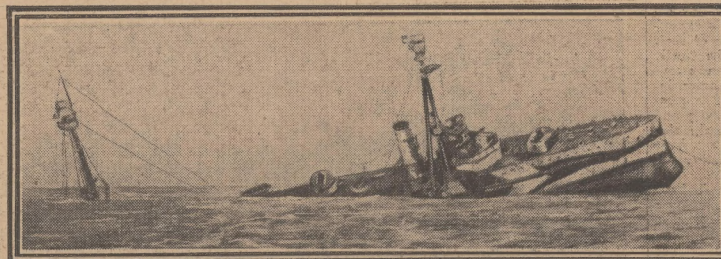


SOUVENIR-HUNTING.—A Y.M.C.A. girl helps an American soldier to make his purchases in Paris.

A FIREMAN'S WEDDING AT HENDON.



Firemen drew the motor-car and furnished a guard of honour when Chief Officer F. W. Adams was married to Miss M. Mitchell, at the old parish church, Hendon. In addition to the firemen, there were boy scouts, girl guides and "specials" in the guard of honour.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



LOSS OF A CRUISER.—H.M.S. Cochrane, which ran aground in the Mersey and broke in two. Her commander, Captain James Farie, R.N., was reprimanded by court-martial.



FAMOUS BRITISH GENERAL IN COLOGNE.—General Sir Herbert Plumer inspecting one of the British motor launches which do patrol duty on the Rhine.

PRINCE PAID.



Private G. Trudeau, a Canadian orderly who insisted on Prince Albert paying for admission for the Queen and Princess Mary at the Grafton Galleries. He did not recognise the royal visitors.



AT THE PALACE THEATRE.—A new pho valier, two of the princip



A BIG DEAL.—Mr. Roy U. Conger, New York, who is reported to have purchased the whole of Canada's aerial war equipment.



WAR WORKER.—Miss Bruce Farrer, now with the F.A.N.Y. in France. She drove a car for the Green Cross for three years.



V.C. AS FREEMAN.—Commander Dan Marcus Beak, V.O., D.S.O., M.O. (with bar), R.N.V.R., who is to receive the freedom of Southampton and a presentation bought with shilling subscriptions.

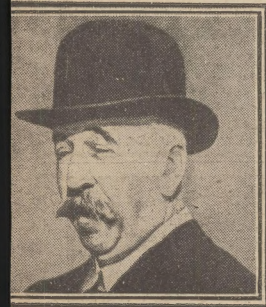
ICE RESCUES.



ate Herbert Pollington, M.M.; Grenadier Guards, who was drowned at the time in attempting to save a German who fell through the ice. He had rescued several others.



avy Steeplechase at Gatwick yesterday. The winners finishing. They were Grenadier Guards. (Daily Mirror photograph.)



HE GOT BACK.—Mr. George Sherwood, the American millionaire, who, to escape the war, shipped as cabin boy, the liner not having renewed their passenger licence.

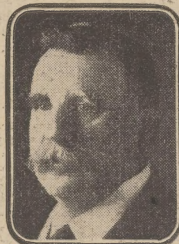
A VOYAGE TO LEA BRIDGE ROAD.



Lea Bridge-road is flooded and the inhabitants have to be rowed to "dry land." The photographs show a girl climbing to the upper floor (the lower one is under water) and a boat moored at a front door. It is used by residents for voyages to the shops.



AMERICAN "REVUE GIRLS."—The Hula Hula dancers, who appeared in "The Komfort Kid," performed by the crew of the U.S. Dreadnought Texas. The producer is in uniform.



DON'T STRIKE.—Mr. Thomas Richards, M.P., secretary of the South Wales Miners' Federation, who has advised every miner not to strike.



WAR NURSE.—Miss N. Bradney, just returned to England. She has nursed in France and at Alexandria and The Hague.



PEACE CONFERENCE, AIRPLANE.—Placing his bag in the special canvas receptacle which has been attached to the machine for carrying light luggage and dispatch cases. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

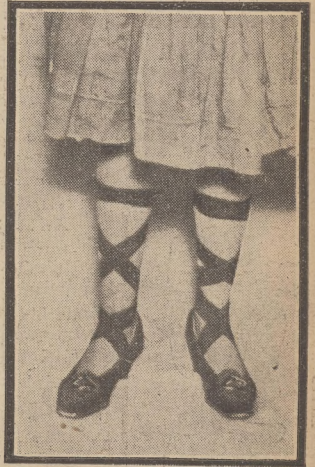
WON APPLE.



She was awarded the Golden Apple.



Miss Edyth Hyde, who, from 500 beautiful actresses and models, was adjudged by artists to be the prettiest woman at the New York Chu Chin Chow ball. She herself is a model.



RIBBON HOSE.—Many women in Paris have discarded stockings when dancing and wear ribbons to match the shoes.

GREY HAIR

TRIAL 8D. BOTTLE.

SHADEINE dyes Grey Hair ANY natural tint from BLONDE to BLACK, Auburn or Chestnut, is perfectly harmless, contains no lead, silver, mercury, &c. Cannot produce unnatural tints. State colour required on label. Bottles, 8d. per post 10/4d. 1/4 post 1/7 3/4, post 5/6. **W. R. KENNEDY & CO.,** DEPOT, 21, N. B. ST.

SHADEINE

59, WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON, W.



Miss Cicely d'Eyncourt, daughter of the well-known expert on naval construction, worked in France for the Red Cross.



Miss Belinda Burnett, grand-daughter of the Countess of Ravensworth, is to marry Commr. G. R. Bald, R.N.

GOING AHEAD.

Princess "Pat's" Present to the Bridegroom—News About De Valera.

I HEAR THAT the negotiations between the railway unions and the authorities are a little more promising. The temper on both sides is reported to be good, but it is urgently necessary that the two unions should get together and make united proposals. Still, this is a ray of light amid the labour clouds.

A Naval Review.

The King will hold a naval review on a large scale during the coming summer, and the first week in August is mentioned to me as the most suitable time for this. Then many vessels of the Grand Fleet will be returning to Portsmouth.

Lady Townley's Exploit.

Lady Susan Townley, the "lady who saw the ex-Kaiser arrive" and concerning whom questions have been raised in the House of Commons, is extremely popular in Holland. She is a charming hostess and energetic to a degree.

An Affable Minister.

Her husband, Sir Walter Townley, whose resignation as British Minister at The Hague is denied, is a big man physically, and with none of the formality of the diplomatic school. I have met him on several occasions and found him very much alive.

Viceroy's Illness.

Lord French's attack of influenza, I hear, is complicated with bronchitis. Some septic poisoning was also feared. The distinguished soldier is very ill, but not dangerously so.

Worried Lord Mayor.

Lord Avebury and Sir Acton Blake, Deputy Master of Trinity House, were interested listeners at the meeting of the City of London branch of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution the other day. The Lord Mayor amused them by the way in which he expressed his perplexity at finding that among his many offices he is Admiral of the Port of London.

Picturesque.

Those present may have regretted that he had not put on the official cocked hat. A telescope beneath the arm would have been picturesque and appropriate.

Inventor Wanted.

General Sir Ivor Phillips believes in giving honour where honour is due. Wherefore he intends on Monday to ask the Ministry of Munitions to make public the name of the



Miss Marjorie Gordon, "lead" in a new piece produced on Monday.



The Countess of St. Germans, patroness of the "Slavo dances."

inventor of the so-called "Gotha screens," which helped to protect London from air raiders during the closing months of the war.

Paying for Trenches.

"I wonder," said an officer yesterday, "how many people realise that in France and Belgium we had to pay for every trench we dug on private land?" No wonder our war debt is nearing £28,000,000,000!

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

No Secrete.

The wedding gift Princess Patricia has provided for her husband-to-be is not a secret from him. He has been present at the sittings she has given Mrs. Wilfred Sheridan, who has modelled her before, and the bust has been voted a great success, I believe.

The Route to the Abbey.

Even the route to be taken by the royal procession to Westminster Abbey on the day of the royal wedding has not been definitely fixed at the time of writing, and for this traffic difficulties are very largely responsible. Ultimately it will probably be found that the Mall, the Admiralty Arch, Whitehall and Parliament-street will see the procession.

Austria's Ambition.

An officer just back from Italy told me that when he asked an Austrian officer prisoner what he thought of the future prospects of his Empire the man replied: "So long as I can wear English clothes and live in Paris, I don't care what happens to the Austrian Empire!"

Where is He?

It is known that Sinn Fein is in constant communication with De Valera, says my correspondent. Messages are being sent through intermediaries in Gaelic cypher, and the republican chief is not only able to keep his followers informed of his safety, but to direct organising activities in Dublin.

The Censor's Daily Round.

Lord Decies, the Irish Press Censor, is a methodical worker, I hear. Nine o'clock sees him at his desk every morning after a twenty-miles motor trip from Leixlip Castle. He takes his pleasures methodically, too, and takes a respite of forty-eight hours weekly from the worries of the censorship.

Influenza Funk.

An Army doctor from India said to me yesterday: "Influenza has one characteristic in common with cholera. I am quite certain that in the East 'cholera funk' has a good



Mrs. Sylvia Moore, daughter of Col. H. B. Donne, C.B., M.C.



Miss Sylvia Shakerley, daughter of Sir Walter Shakerley.

deal to do with the spread of cholera epidemics. Similarly, if you keep on worrying about influenza you are more liable to get it.

Now the Boys Are Home—

I was in Oxford recently, and, though it was pleasant to see young life in evidence there once more, the sight of crippled and maimed undergraduates limping up the High and round the college quadrangles was pitiful. The colleges are rapidly filling again.

The Girls Must Go!

One result of this return of the undergraduate is that the women students of Somerville College will have to move out of Oriel and return to their own home. Somerville was voluntarily given to the authorities in the spring of 1916, and has made a splendid hospital with its shady grounds.

Second Son.

Lady Lichfield's new baby is the second son, the heir, Viscount Anson, having arrived in 1913. The only daughter, who is now two years old, has the old-fashioned names of Betty Marjorie. The countess is a daughter of Colonel Edward Keppel, and thus a near kinswoman of the Earl of Albemarle.

What is It?

Entrants for our Beauty Competition will be interested to hear that the *London Magazine* has reproduced a dozen of the photographs sent in to us in its March number, now on sale. They are beautifully printed, and accompanied by an argumentative article which tries to solve the problem: "What is Beauty?" The author arrives at some very interesting conclusions—interesting not only to competitors, but to all women.

Something Stirring.

Mr. T. G. Jones, who becomes Director of the National Kitchens, ought to hustle things in his department. He made a name for himself at the Food Ministry, with his policy of "every ship a food ship," of which he was the originator. Mr. Jones might have been in Parliament now had he not withdrawn at the eleventh hour, so as to avoid a possible Coalition defeat.

A Titled Dramatist.

Among the few dramatists within the peerage is Viscountess Maitland, whom you see here. Her play, "The Slave Market," is going to be given in Edinburgh shortly, I understand, though there is no talk yet of bringing it to London. The music has been done by Mr. Dudley Heathcote, who is a relative of Lady Garioch.



Viscountess Maitland.

Musical Farce.

The Criterion will be the venue of "Oh, Don't, Dolly!" This farce with the ejector title, which Messrs. Max Pemberton and Eustace Ponsonby have written, can, however, only stay in Piccadilly Circus for a month owing to other arrangements.

Grocer's Grumble.

Yesterday a grocer told me that he really does not know what he is going to do with his present large stock of sugar substitutes. "Nobody wants these things now," he says, "and I expect nobody ever will any more."

Jockey Engaged.

I was interested to hear at Sandown that the Australian jockey, Langford, is engaged to a niece of an ex-Premier of the Commonwealth. Langford fought at Gallipoli.

More About Scooters.

My reference yesterday to scooters is already bringing inquiries. Can they be used for short journeys in the country? Will they go uphill? What are they like in muddy weather?

How Miss Kellogg Shops.

I really do not yet know the answer to these and other inquiries, but a friend tells me that long ago he saw Miss Shirley Kellogg buzzing along the Maidenhead road on a scooter. She was on her way from her country home, Shirley Lodge, near Colnbrook, to do some shopping in Eton.

Evening Clothes at Hammermith.

The shining shirt front and the black swallow-tail were common in the crowded stalls at the Lyric, Hammermith, for the London production of "Abraham Lincoln," likewise the uniform of the United States officer. Before the performance "The Star-Spangled Banner" was played, everybody rising to honour America's anthem.

Beer Tax.

I should not be altogether surprised if there is a new tax on beer in the coming Budget. It has been pointed out that the new scale of prices makes provision for an increase in the duty. This increase will not be passed on to the long-suffering consumer, let us hope.

East Surreys' Football.

The award of a second bar to Lieutenant Colonel A. P. B. Irwin's D.S.O. reminds me that he commanded the battalion of the East Surreys which dribbled a football into the Hun trenches.

Side-Saddle Again.

I have noticed in the Park these days many women riding side-saddle again. It would seem that with a certain exclusive section riding astride is out of favour—even among children.

All Signs.

The columns of the theatrical papers typify the signs of the times. Managers want choruses, music teachers want pupils, deportment experts want students, and half a dozen dope dramas want dates.

THE RAMBLER.

"Hurry up Mother" —
The Children's Treat.

Spring's LEMON CHEESE

Spreads like Butter—Nicer than Jam.
(THE ORIGINAL LINCOLNSHIRE BUTTER-PRESERVE)
PRICE 1/9 (Small size 53d). NO COUPON NEEDED.

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THE LOVE TRAIL

By IOLA GILFILLAN

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

HELEN GARSTAINS, a young and beautiful artist, who is engaged to **ROY DUNBAR**, the assistant manager of the firm which employs her.
KITTY LATIMER, Helen's stepister, engaged to **DENNIS CLARK**, a Canadian farmer, but in love with Helen's fiancé.
HUGH LONSDALE, who, masquerading as Roy Dunbar, has been flirting with Kitty.

A HOPELESS APPEAL.

"HELEN is meeting Dunbar to-night!" exclaimed Dennis incredulously, his face darkening. "Kitty, I can't believe it. Are you trying to—"

"It's true, Dennis," interrupted Kitty, agitated and excited. "I arranged it. Mr. Dunbar is telling Helen the truth, and—when Helen knows—oh, it will make all the difference!"

"It won't be possible for her to marry you, Dennis. You see, she is in love with him, and she gave him up because she thought he had been making love to me."

Dennis sat glowering at her in perplexity, his dark brows drawn together in a frown, his aggressive jaw thrust forward. There was suspicion as well as anger in his eyes, and a certain bewilderment in his glance.

"Are you trying to tell me now that Dunbar didn't make love to you?" he asked abruptly, after a momentary pause.

"Yes, yes, Dennis," Kitty answered. "It was all a mistake—a misunderstanding. I—I tried to explain to Helen long ago, but she did not understand. I didn't understand myself at first, but—but what Mr. Dunbar told you was true."

In her agitation and in her anxiety to explain without accepting all the blame, Kitty was becoming somewhat incoherent, and Dennis's suspicion and bewilderment increased.

"I wasn't really in love with him, Dennis," proceeded Kitty rather desperately, stammering in her haste. "I realise now how foolish I was—and—and I'm sorry I treated you so badly. If I had only known that you were the man I should never have broken off the engagement, and you need never have known anything about—about Roy Dunbar."

"What on earth are you driving at?" burst out Dennis, as she paused again. "What is it you are trying to tell me?"

"I am trying to tell you that Helen is still in love with Roy Dunbar," Kitty answered, "and I know he is in love with her. Dennis, you—you can't marry a girl who is in love with another man!"

"I am engaged to be married to Helen," said Dennis doggedly. "I know quite well that Dunbar is in love with her, as I said before, and I don't propose to allow him to interfere with my plans. What do you mean by saying that he isn't the man who made you break off your engagement?"

"I mean what I say," Kitty replied, beginning to cry again. "It was another man who used his name, but Mr. Dunbar didn't tell me he was Roy Dunbar the first time I met him, and it wasn't until afterwards I discovered that the man I had been meeting wasn't Roy Dunbar."

To Kitty the explanation seemed perfectly lucid, but to Dennis it seemed sheer incoherence, for he had no clue to the truth.

"Mr. Dunbar wasn't really to blame at all, but Helen thought he was, and that was what caused all the trouble and misunderstanding since you came home," went on Kitty. "Don't blame me too much, Dennis, and you forgive me and that everything will be all right."

"I saw Mr. Dunbar last night, had a long talk with him, and settled everything. Then I told Helen, and—and he is meeting her to-night to explain."

"To explain what?" demanded Dennis, vainly grappling with the problem, and still in the dark as to Kitty's exact meaning.

"Oh, can't you understand?" cried Kitty. "To explain that it was not he, but Hugh—but another man who used his name who made love to me. Mr. Dunbar never made love to me, and what he told you to explain to Helen, and—and I promised to do my best to put matters right. Now that Helen knows the truth—well, of course, Dennis, it will be quite impossible for her to marry you. She will marry Roy Dunbar, and—"

"She will do nothing of the sort!" exploded Dennis. "Oh, I might have known that the cur would try some more of his low, underhand tricks in his next effort to get the better of me, but it won't work. He stole you from me, and now he thinks he can steal Helen from me, but I'll show him, by Jove! that he is mistaken."

"Oh, Dennis, don't you understand that it wasn't he who stole me from you?" burst out Kitty in desperation. "It was all a—mistake. I have told you a dozen times. He had nothing to do with it at all."

"You are so sure, me to believe too much, Kitty," commented Dennis, with a sardonic note in his voice. "You ask me now to believe that what he told me was correct—when I know that you met him often, when I saw you dining together, and although I know that you went to the ball together! Do you take me for a fool?"

"I can guess what happened," he went on angrily. "You met him last night, you say, and I suppose he played on your feelings and persuaded you that it would be best for you and best for him if you corroborated his story, whitewashed him, so to speak, and pretended that he was innocent."

"He asked you, I suppose, to try to persuade me to give up Helen, so that he might have her—and be able to gloat over me! Well, he

will find that I'm not such a fool as he seems to imagine."

"You can tell him there's nothing doing! And I'll see that Helen doesn't meet him again."

Kitty wrung her hands in despair, and gazed at him with consternation in her dark eyes. She had fondly hoped that Dennis would at once accept her explanation and respond to her appeal, and it dismayed and angered her to find that he refused to believe her, and evidently seemed determined to marry Helen.

Dennis, I have told you the truth," she exclaimed half-hysterically. "You are doing me and him an injustice. Oh, surely, Dennis, you are not going to slight me in this dreadful fashion!"

You are not going to insist upon Helen marrying you, now that you know she is in love with Roy Dunbar and not with you? I care still, Dennis, and—and—

"I am not going to let Dunbar triumph over her," interposed Dennis. "It is too late to talk about anything else. I can't change my plans now."

"YOU MUST RELEASE ME!"

KITTY gulped, her lips parted, and she put out her hand with a gesture of appeal, then suddenly her attitude changed. Her teeth clenched, she flashed an angry and reproachful glance at him, then turned abruptly and hurried out of the room without another word.

Rage, resentment, mortification and despair were all blazing within her as she rushed up to her own room. She felt that she hated Dennis and could not easily kill him and trample under foot. He had scorned her, refused to believe her, and she had humbled herself for naught!

It's all Helen's fault!" she sobbed, flinging herself down in a fury of passionate rage and despair and tearing her handkerchief to shreds in her fury. "He loves her, and she has turned him against me or he would never have treated me like this. Oh, I'd like to see her suffer!"

"It will serve her right now—now that she expects to be happy—if Dennis kills Roy Dunbar—yes, it will serve her right! I won't help her any more, and she needn't expect sympathy from me. I don't care who she happens to like to make them both suffer. Oh, everyone and everything is against me!"

Kitty was temporarily distraught, but her passion speedily exhausted itself.

She concealed the traces of her recent tears as well as she could and walked downstairs to the dining-room. Dennis was chatting to Mr. Latimer with forced brightness, but he looked harassed.

"I wonder what has become of Helen?" remarked Mr. Latimer, glancing at his watch as he seated himself at the table.

"Oh, she arranged to meet her old sweetheart, Roy Dunbar, to-night," said Kitty, very distinctly, with a malicious glance at Dennis, whose face flushed angrily.

Mr. Latimer gasped and stared at Kitty in his greatest surprise.

"How dare you say such a wickedly spiteful thing?" he exclaimed hoily.

"It happens to be true," Kitty retorted. "I told Dennis some time ago. You had better ask Helen about it when she comes in."

Helen entered the room at that moment, her fair face flushed and her eyes sparkling like stars.

"So sorry I'm late," she said, rather breathlessly, as she sat down. "What is that that you were telling daddy to ask me about, Kitty?"

"Kitty has just made the amazing assertion that you had arranged to meet Roy Dunbar to-night," said her stepfather abruptly, with a searching glance.

Helen flashed a glance at Kitty, who smiled defiantly and sarcastically. The colour ran out of her lovely face, but she did not look confused or guilty.

"Yes, that is quite correct," she answered very quietly. "I want to tell you and Dennis about it after dinner."

"But—good heavens, Helen," began Mr. Latimer, rubbing his head energetically and looking shocked and bewildered. "Er—yes, perhaps it would be advisable to defer discussion and explanation until after dinner."

He tried to set the conversational ball rolling after an awkward pause, but without success.

Kitty sat white-faced and silent, glancing covertly from Helen to Dennis from time to time. Dennis sat glowering across at her, who was vainly trying to appear at ease, but avoided his glance, and Mr. Latimer snapped out an occasional remark, fidgeted in his chair, looked anxiously from one to another and occasionally rubbed his head.

It was a relief to everyone when the meal was at an end. Kitty's courage began to fail her, and she glanced to her own room at Harrington, although she was intensely curious, professed to have something to attend to in the kitchen; and therefore it was only Helen, Dennis and Mr. Latimer who adjourned to the drawing-room.

"If you'll excuse me, I have some letters to write," exclaimed Mr. Latimer, pausing in the doorway. "Perhaps I had better see to them first, Helen, and—leave you to explain to Dennis."

He hurried out without waiting for a reply, and Helen was left alone with Dennis. Her heart was beating fast as she turned to meet his eyes, but she felt perfectly self-possessed and equal to the occasion.

"Well, what does it all mean, Helen?" asked Dennis.

"If Kitty told you that I was meeting Roy Dunbar to-night, Dennis, she surely told you the reason?" responded Helen quietly.

"Kitty told me a lot of hysterical rubbish," Dennis said, with an impatient jerk of his big shoulders. "I gathered that what it all amounted

to was that Dunbar had prevailed upon her to try to whitewash him and to support the absurd falsehoods he told."

"You are mistaken, Dennis, and you are doing both Kitty and Roy an injustice," Helen remarked steadily, seating herself.

"At least, Roy Dunbar has told no falsehoods. There has been a dreadful misunderstanding, Dennis. Kitty is partly to blame, but perhaps I am to blame to some extent also. Please let me explain."

She held out her hands appealingly as she spoke, and Dennis caught them almost roughly. His quick eyes had detected the fact that Helen was wearing another ring in place of the one he had slipped on her finger, and he scowled at the new ring angrily.

"What does this mean?" he demanded harshly. "Why are you wearing this?"

The colour flamed in Helen's face again, and she shrank back, feeling almost terrified for a moment, but meeting Dennis' glance unflinchingly.

"Perhaps you are able to guess what has happened, Dennis," she said, rather tremulously, quickly withdrawing her hands from his clasp.

"Do please be patient with me and hear what I have to say. Won't you sit down?"

Hastily but clearly Helen began to explain how she had come to meet Roy that evening, and how she had discovered that Roy was innocent; that it was not he, but another man who had used his name, who had been flirting with Kitty in the first instance, and had caused all the misery and misunderstanding. Dennis listened in scowling silence, his lips curling sneeringly.

"And who is this 'other man' supposed to be?" he asked at last.

"I know who he is, but I would rather not give his name," answered Helen. "It would do no good to drag him into the matter. He is married now and is out of town."

Dennis snorted incredulously and twisted his big hands together.

"Surely, Helen, you're not so foolish as to believe this preposterous story?" he burst out passionately. "Can't you see that the confounded scoundrel has concocted it, and induced Kitty to bear it out? Do you believe, or expect me to believe, that Kitty has deceived you and everyone else from the very outset?"

"I say Kitty isn't capable of such conduct, and this story is just a tissue of falsehoods."

"It is nothing of the sort, Dennis," protested Helen. "It is the truth, and Roy can prove it."

"Oh, yes, he knew that you would be likely to believe it!" sneered Dennis. "He is a crafty dog, and I suppose he guessed that you were half in love with him. All that had happened, and would be willing to believe

such a story if Kitty vouched for it. It is a plot, a trick to get you away from me, but it won't work!"

"You are unreasonable and unjust, Dennis," Helen exclaimed, rising to her feet. "I know that what Roy and Kitty told me is true. Dennis, surely you realise how I am placed now?"

"I begged you before to release me from our engagement, but you refused. You swore you would shoot Roy if I refused to marry you, and—"

"I meant it, and I mean it still!" interjected Dennis passionately. "I am not going to be fooled into giving you up by this lying tale."

Helen sprang to her feet, her blue eyes flashing, her head erect.

"You have no right to insult Roy Dunbar in such a fashion," she flashed out indignantly. "I know he has told the truth, and that I did him a grave injustice. I know that I have cared for him all along—and that I love him now."

Dennis had risen as she spoke, his face white and convulsed with passion, his eyes aflame, his hands clenched.

"You shall not marry him!" he said hoarsely. "I won't be treated in this fashion. I'll tell him rather than let him have you! I warned you before, Helen, that I was in earnest—"

"Yes, you bullied and terrorised me into agreeing not to break off the engagement by threatening to shoot the man I love!" interrupted Helen, roused to anger at last. "I have told you that I love him, and that I made a mistake in ever accepting your proposal. I have told you that I have found that Kitty misled me, but still you threaten to kill Roy if I refuse to marry you! Is it fair to me?"

"I mean to save you from him and to square accounts," retorted Dennis. "I don't believe for him all along—and that I love him now."

"I've been driven to desperation, and will stand no nonsense."

"And Roy Dunbar will stand no nonsense!" Helen exclaimed passionately. "He loves me, and he will not permit you to intimidate me. Dennis, you must release me!"

"What is all the trouble?" inquired Mr. Latimer, entering the room at that moment.

Helen turned to him with a gasp of relief, and began hurriedly and breathlessly to explain the position, Dennis, meanwhile, standing sullen and silent.

"Humph! I am rather inclined to agree with Dennis that the story has been invented," commented Mr. Latimer, after asking a number of questions. "However, Kitty will be able to decide that and clear up the mystery. Go and fetch Kitty here, Helen."

Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating serial.



Helen Garstains.

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BAD TIMES AHEAD FOR MUD-SPLASHERS.

Motor Drivers Liable for
Spoilt Clothes.

INDIGNANT TAXIMEN.

Motor drivers who grin when they splash your new clothes with mud are likely to laugh on the other side of their faces in future.

Mud-splashing is going to prove an expensive pastime for thoughtless motor drivers.

The responsibility of mud-splashing has been settled once and for all by an interesting county court case at Wells, Somerset.

Edhel Pike claimed damages from Sidney Hutton, alleging that Hutton had driven his car negligently, splashing her jacket and skirt.

Her dress, she claimed, which cost £2 15s., was not now fit for "best" wear. Judge Stanger awarded her one guinea damages.

The news that "mud-splashing" is now an actionable wrong has caused some perturbation among London "taxi" and motor-omnibus drivers. Some are volubly indignant.

"How can we help splashing mud in this weather?" a taxi-driver said to *The Daily Mirror*.

"It is impossible for us to help splashing mud. Nobody would get a penny of damages from me," declared a motor-omnibus driver.

On the basis of Judge Stanger's award it is possible to compile the following list, showing the comparative cost of mud-splashing to negligent motor-drivers:—

Object Splashed.	Value.	Probable Damages.
Sable fur	£30	0
Ball dress	30	11 0
Lounge suit	10	3 10
Rowler hat, shirt, collar and tie	3	2 15
Overcoat	12	4 10

That mud-splashing is now a recognised offence was welcomed by City men.

"A few London motor-drivers seem to be perfectly indifferent to the damage they inflict by careless driving," said one. "I have seen taxi-drivers highly amused when they have sprayed mud over some pedestrian."

PRINCESS PAT'S GOWN.

Wedding Dress That Suggests an
Old Venetian Picture.

The wedding gown for Princess Patricia is now approaching completion.

It is composed of broché panne of a novel design, and the simple, long, straight lines that it takes suggest an old Venetian picture. It is made by Reville and Benner.

The train is of cloth of silver, handsomely embroidered in a striking design. The veil of old lace to be worn is a priceless heirloom.

On her journey to and from the Abbey Princess Patricia will wear a cloak of the same material as her wedding dress, lined with white fur and finished with a large collar of white fox.

Lieutenant-Commander Hugh Bowlby, a brother officer of the bridegroom, will act as best man at the marriage ceremony.

BONFIRES BY SELECTION.

A Committee was formed at the House of Commons yesterday evening to carry out a comprehensive scheme of beacon fires throughout the country in celebration of Peace Day. A demonstration of an Admiralty flare was given by permission of the authorities by Mr. Brock, in the grounds of St. Thomas's Hospital.

BUILDING THE NEW ARMY.

Up to date about 37,000 officers and one and a half million men have been demobilised. From Italy about 600 men are being sent home daily.

The Army of Occupation is to be reorganised on the old Territorial basis.

But it is not to be understood that troops quartered in industrial areas are located there as a deterrent against strikes.

PLAGUE OF CATERPILLARS.

A plague of caterpillars has spread throughout the country, with the result that much damage has been done to the crops of lucerne and other grasses, says a Central News Johannesburg wire.

The advance guard of two separate hordes—one coming from the direction of Pretoria and the other from the west—have appeared in the Rand, where the most vigorous measures are being taken to wipe out the pest.

HOUSING HUSTLE.

The local authorities should lose no time in getting along, said Dr. Addison yesterday at a deputation representing over 150 organisations. Dr. Addison promised to say that his housing plans were approved, the Local Government Board had made arrangements with the Ministry of Supplies whereby order forms for materials, etc., could be placed ahead.

DRUGS AND SCIATICA.

Inquest Story of Man Who Rolled
on Floor in Agony.

DOCTOR'S SUSPICIONS.

The death in Bethlehem Hospital of William Oscar Gridley, forty-five, a hop merchant, of Duke-street, London Bridge, who, it was stated, had taken drugs to relieve acute pains from sciatica, was inquired into by the Southwark coroner yesterday.

Mr. Gridley, who lived at Herne Bay, was injured in the South African war while serving with the Honourable Artillery Company.

Dr. Charles K. Bowes, Herne Bay, said that deceased was very bad indeed five or six years ago, and said that to ease the pain he had taken morphia.

Witness gave him one-third of a grain of heroin hypodermic, having already tried him with one-sixth, which did him no good. He had seen Mr. Gridley roll on the floor in agony. Witness used to provide him with tablets—one in twenty-five days.

Sixteen months ago witness had suspicion that Mr. Gridley was taking more heroin than he should. He stopped the supply altogether, but deceased apparently got it from elsewhere.

On Boxing Day Mr. Gridley said the chemist would not supply him with any more drugs, adding: "This unfortunate Ellie Carleton case has put the wind up them."

Dr. Hare, of the Norwood Sanatorium, said the method of treatment in a drug case was gradually to lower the quantity. Witness substituted morphia at first for the heroin and reduced the morphia, but the pain became extremely violent, and witness had to return to heroin.

Eventually Mr. Gridley suffered from delusions, and owing to his mental state he was removed to Bethlehem Hospital.

Dr. J. G. Phillips, resident medical superintendent of the Royal Bethlehem Hospital, said that the gradual method of treatment adopted by Drs. Bowes and Hare was the proper one in drug cases.

Dr. Spilsbury said there was no evidence of poisoning. Death was caused by syncope due to influenza and pneumonia.

A verdict of Death from natural causes was returned.

HUN PLOT THAT FAILED.

Commander's Clever Blockade That
Impressed Arab Tribes.

How the British Force in Mesopotamia stamped out a sinister and far-flung German conspiracy is told by Lieutenant-General Marshall, commanding-in-chief, in his dispatch published this morning and dated October 1.

In ferreting out the murderers of a political officer, they found it was the deed of a German agency, calling itself the Committee of Rebellion, with a branch at Nedjef.

The authorities were not wishing to shell the place, so the water supply was cut off and barbed wire bastions put round. Slowly these latter closed in until peaceful entry was made into the town, and the instigators caught and tried.

RUMANIAN AND D.O.R.A.

Charged with Unlawful Possession
of British Passport.

A curious story was told at Bow-street yesterday, when Leontin Hechtman, described as a Rumanian subject and giving the address of Alma Court Hotel, Coram-street, W.C., was remanded charged under D.O.R.A. with unlawfully being in possession of a British passport, with failing to give full and true particulars of himself, and with failing to register himself with the police.

Inspector Buckley, C.I.D., said that at first accused said he was a British subject, but later he admitted that he was born at Bukarest, of Rumanian parents, adding that he was a Jew, and had obtained the passport for protection against persecution.

Cross-examined by Mr. Edgar Smith (who appeared for accused), Inspector Buckley said he made no allegation of disloyalty against the accused.

DE VALERA DISGUISED?

The latest story of the Sinn Féin leader, De Valera, comes from Balbriggan, where his sister-in-law, Miss O'Flanagan, has a business establishment.

It is reported that De Valera spent the last week-end in the district and visited many of his supporters, riding in a different motor-car on each occasion and adopting many disguises.

U.S. AIM TO BE "BOSS."

That America is making a determined bid for supremacy in the shipbuilding world is easily seen from the following table of tonnage launched during 1918. The total number of ships was 1,866 and of tonnage 5,447,444 tons.

	Ships.	Tonnage.
United States	3,053	3,638,120
United Kingdom	301	1,348,120

The United States output for the year is more than three times the amount launched during 1917 and exceeds by over 25 per cent. the combined output of the rest of the world for 1918.



"Jack is coming home to-night!"

He doesn't know what time he'll arrive, and he puts a P.S. in his letter to tell me to be sure to have some Rowntree's Cocoa ready. You see, he has grown to rely on Rowntree's to see him through the strain of things.

Poor boy, he'll be tired to-night, I expect, so I am going to have the kettle ready and

Give him a warm
welcome with
Rowntree's
Elect Cocoa



Soft White Hands

Follow use of Outings Soap and Ointment. At night bathe them with the Soap and hot water, dry and rub in the Ointment. Wear old gloves during night. Soap to clean Ointment to heal. F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Square, London. Sold everywhere.

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WEST-END BRANCH—323 & 325, EDGWARE RD., W.
NEW BRANCH—BALHAM—53, High Road,
BATTERSEA PARK RD., S.W.1 (Clapham Junction end).
CATFORD—155, Bishop Green.
CHISWICK—224, High Road.
CROYDON—17, George Street.
ELEPHANT & CASTLE—33, 35, & 37, Newington Butts.
FOREST GATE—50, Woodgrange Road.
HACKNEY—391, Mare Street.
HARRINGAY—563, Green Lanes.
GUILDFORD—26, North Street.
KINGSTON—36, Effe Road.
L.E.B.—15, High Road (Lewisham end).
OLD KENT ROAD—No. 219.
PENGEE—126, Beckenham Road.
WIMBLEDON—5, Broadway Market.
WOOLWICH—62, Powis Street.
EXTENSIVE WORKS—Haywards Road, London, N.E.

VARIED DUTIES PERFORMED BY BEAUTY CONTEST ENTRANTS.



First in Bank of England, now with the American Army headquarters.



Was a member of the Women's Legion, A.S.C., M.T., and drove a motor-car.



Electro-therapy and massage with Almeric Paget Massage Corps.



Is still a member of the Women's Royal Air Force.



Worked at the Admiralty, where she was employed as a typist.



Has given her services for hospital work for two and a half years.



Clerk in the London office of a big overseas bank.



Worked at the 72nd General Hospital, B.E.F., France.



One of the khaki girls who acted as motor drivers.



At the Ministry of Labour as a shorthand typist.



Weighing and packing the butter before sending it away.



The pet lamb has lunch.

FRESH BUTTER DAILY.—The British Army is running a dairy farm in Germany, and real butter is made by the soldiers. Quite a large quantity is dispatched daily.—(Official photographs.)

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a Stocking
and as
Safe as the Bank**



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on current events
in the

**SUNDAY
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The report was unanimously adopted, and a resolution increasing the temporary borrowing powers of the company agreed to.

Daily Mirror

Friday, February 21, 1919.

A BRIGHTON WEDDING.



Major W. F. Harrison Grinstead, M.C., and his bride, Miss Edna Jonas.



FANCY DRESS BALL.—George Robey with a winner (a "John Bradbury") at the ball given by Whiteley's at the Albert Hall.



ANZACS' GRATITUDE.—The vicar receives the flag presented by the New Zealand hospital staff and patients to the inhabitants of Brockenhurst for their kindness. It will be placed in the church.

COURSING AT WRYDE: A SUCCESSFUL MEETING.



Slipping John Bull and Prince Prettyface for a semi-final. At the coursing meeting at Wryde two Lancashire kennels were left to fight out the final issue in the Barbican Cup, the puppy, Prince Prettyface, defeating Hotcap.



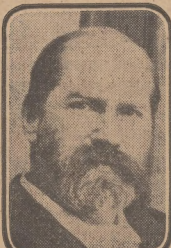
Miss Rose with The Angelus.



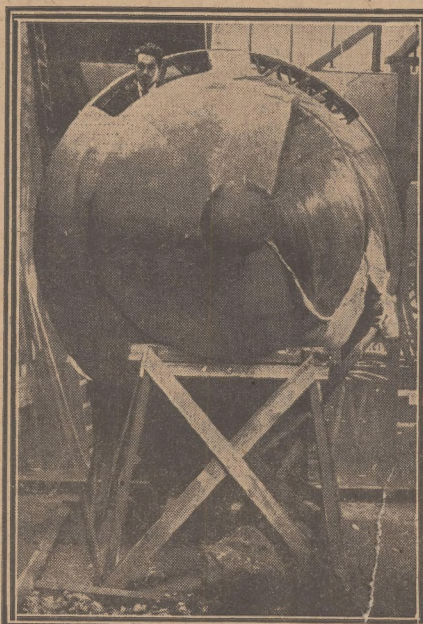
PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING DRESS.—Girls embroidering a spray of lilies on the train. The workers are highly skilled and are evolving a very beautiful design.



A BRIDE-TO-BE.—Miss Ivy L. Roberts, who is engaged to Lt. Percy Edward Busby, London Regt., attached R.A.F.



PEACE BEACONS.—Canon Rawnsley, who suggests that peace be celebrated by the lighting of beacons everywhere.



NOSE OF GIANT TRIPLANE.—It is being built by Mr. W. G. Tarrant and Captain Rawlings for a transatlantic flight, and is nearing completion.



A DEBUTANTE.—The Hon. Peggy Coventry, a grand-daughter of the Earl of Coventry, who will be a debutante this season.



EMPIRE TOUR.—Lt. L. V. Morgan, appointed flag lieutenant to Lord Jellicoe, who is visiting the Dominions.